

Jews in Many Lands

BY

ELKAN NATHAN ADLER



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YEMEN JEWS AT JERUSALEM

[See page 46]

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את אחי אנכי מבקש

TO MY KIND AND HOSPITABLE
CO-RELIGIONISTS
IN MANY LANDS

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Preface

THE author's first visit to the East was a professional one, undertaken by instruction of the Council of the Holy Land Relief Fund. Its object was to clear up certain legal difficulties which had arisen on their estates at Jerusalem and Jaffa in consequence of the death of Sir Moses Montefiore in 1888. At that time their only buildings in Jerusalem were the Judah Touro Almshouse and a wind-mill. The vacant land adjoining had been "jumped" by about three hundred poor and desperate Jews who claimed that it had been originally intended for the poor, and they were poor. The journey was successful; the squatters were removed, and their place taken by industrious settlers who, through the agency of two building societies financed by the Sir Moses Montefiore Testimonial Committee, have erected some hundred and thirty decent little dwellings in place of the rude uninhabitable shanties standing there in 1888. The experience was exciting and stimulating, and encouraged the author not only to return to Palestine, but to make quite a number of other voyages to Jewish centres in the Old World as well as the New.

A more or less altruistic interest in his co-religionists was stimulated by a selfish taste for collecting records of the Jewish past, which grew with opportunity. There is no sport equal to the hunt for a buried manu-

script. Even an element of danger is not always lacking, and one hardly realizes how fascinating are the possibilities of a *trouvaille*. Given a certain amount of luck, one rises to an invincible optimism, which expects to make happy finds in the most unlikely places. And one isn't always, or even often, disappointed.

A lawyer's profession gives one plenty of opportunities. Business in Spain suggests Morocco, Russia is a stepping-stone to Central Asia, Egypt is but a night's journey from Palestine. And then a lawyer has healthily long vacations at least twice a year. It is quite wonderful to think how much one can do and how far one can go in two or three weeks. The modern traveller need only observe a few simple rules. If his time is limited, he should go straight to his destination and not fall out by the way. He should not observe times and seasons, nor be deterred by grandmotherly fears of hot or cold. There is much virtue in an Egyptian summer, much in a Russian one; neither is supposed to be the season, but natives live everywhere all the year round, and the traveller must be cosmopolitan. "Can't" lies in the churchyard, and "don't" is a word more honored in the breach than the observance. As for diet, too much is more dangerous than too little. The author has found continuous health depend upon plenty of green stuff and ripe fruit. Meat is quite unimportant; he has lived four months with only a single meat meal. But he objects to water except for external application.

In the last fifteen years he has managed to collect manuscripts at the rate of about a hundred a year and to visit each of the continents, except Australia, half a

dozen times or so.¹ And this without any undue sacrifice of either time or money. The following sketches are notes of his journeys to Jewry, for the most part written at the time and on the spot. Almost all have appeared in the Jewish or general press. His acknowledgments are due to the editors—especially of *The Jewish Chronicle* and the *Contemporary Review*—for allowing them to reappear in a collected form. He hopes they will not prove altogether stale and uninteresting. Future travellers will perhaps not be too proud to take a hint from an old stager. Everybody ought to travel. As facilities increase, probably everybody will. And there is nothing more pleasant than finding friends in every port, unless it is making them. Even the intervals between ports are both pleasant and healthful. Nowadays communications, though rapid, are so convenient that a sea voyage is prescribed by the faculty as a rest cure. But even in the stormier past no Jew feared the sea. His commercial insight appreciated the value of the ocean highway, and he had always the gift of language—a language extra.

Hebrew was—and is—a *lingua franca*, which unlocks the secrets of the fascinating coast and hinterland of the three great inland seas of the old world. As for America, it is now proven that all the great discoverers, from Columbus downward, had Jews with

¹ The following are his chief voyages: Egypt and Palestine in 1888, 1895, 1898, and 1901; Morocco in 1892, 1894, and 1900; Algiers and Tunis in 1894-5; Persia in 1896; Central Asia in 1897; Aleppo in 1898; Spain in 1892, 1894, 1900, and 1903; Russia in 1889, 1892, 1896, and 1897; North America in 1901, 1902, and twice in 1903; and South America and the West Indies in 1902-3.

them on their travels to interpret, to cheer, and to advise. Nor did the Jews lose any time in appreciating the value of the new continent, and at last the historians of America do them the justice of admitting that they were of the first colonists and the best. It was a peculiar gratification to the author on his way back from "Hispaniola" to find in Spain a copy of the very Nautical Tables used by Columbus, which had been compiled in Portugal by one Jew, printed there by another, and presented to him by a third.

January 21, 1905.

E. N. A.

Jews in Many Lands

EGYPT IN 1888

Cairo — Cairene Jews — Synagogues — Maimonides — Karaites
— Rabbanite Jews — Old Cairo — Inscriptions — A Jewish
Wedding — Tabernacles — The Exodus.

CAIRO

To us Jews—although, as Heine would say, there are neither madonnas there nor prima donnas—Egypt must always be of supreme interest. In Egypt we find numerous traces of our ancestors before the Exodus, and their very portraits are distinguishable on the mummy wrappings at Boulak. In the shrunk, shrivelled features of Rameses II, we can trace the stern obstinacy of the Pharaoh who knew not Joseph, just as we can picture to ourselves the tenderness of Bent Anat, the princess who rescued the infant Moses from a watery grave. King and princess both lie in the unpretentious museum on the banks of the Nile,¹ amidst a score of other royal mummies of historical note—perhaps on the very spot where, four thousand years ago, they were wont to come to bathe. Pithom and Raameses have been identified, and the journeyings of the Children of Israel mapped out with an accuracy which after all allowance is made for the alternative routes

¹ The museum has now been shifted to palatial quarters.

suggested by different Egyptologists, is unequalled by any description of the march of Xenophon's famous Ten Thousand not half so long ago, or that of the German invasion of France, which occurred but yesterday. Solomon, Jeremiah, Philo, Saadiah, and Maimonides were all intimately associated with Egypt. The magnificence of the Alexandrian Jews is a by-word in the Talmud, and the hair-splitting acumen of the Neo-Platonists the admiration of modern philosophy. Nay, the cross itself, which plays so important a part in the religion of our neighbors, and which has been for us the symbol of so much oppression, can in Cairo be traced to its very un-Christian origin in the world-old Nilometer, which has always, in a literal sense, been the measure of Egypt's salvation.

CAIRENE JEWS

Probably no city in the world—perhaps not even Damascus itself, and certainly not Jerusalem—can, like Cairo, boast so uninterrupted a continuity of Jewish residence, ever since the memory of man. No city, therefore, can afford so large a field of interest to one who concerns himself with Jewish antiquities. And yet, strange to say, though hundreds of our co-religionists visit Cairo, either on their passage to or from India and the Colonies, or on a winter trip to Egypt for Egypt's sake, we were assured by the leaders of the community that scarcely any concern themselves in the slightest degree about the position of the Cairene Jews, past, present, or future. It was particularly fortunate that circumstances compelled me to spend Kippur and the earlier days of Succoth in Cairo, for the opportunity was an excellent one to see

our Egyptian co-religionists as they are. These holy days, so peculiarly calculated to excite and bring to the surface the most characteristically Jewish feelings, fall at a time of the year when the heat is so excessive that strangers dare not face it, and even resident foreigners flee from it, and it is not often that a European has the opportunity of joining the aborigines in celebrating their feasts. I arrived in Alexandria on the eve of Kippur, so that I could make only the briefest stay there, and had hardly time to see anything besides the great synagogue, the largest in Africa, which was being made clean and trim for the service of the evening. The ten o'clock express to Cairo by which I left, contained several Jews and Jewesses, who were hurrying back to the capital to spend the fast with their families; some had been staying in Alexandria for business, others for the sake of the sea-air. Among them I was delighted to discover a gentleman to whom I had a letter of introduction, and whose people were extremely kind to me throughout my stay. I was their guest the whole time, and their hospitality was my first and most agreeable experience of Oriental—and Jewish—characteristics. At two we dined that Friday, and at five we dined again, so that we were physically armed for the morrow. After nearly a week's abstention from animal food I found the cuisine, though strange, most tasty and palatable. Of course, we had rice and poultry,—they are fasting foods all the world over,—but also “we remember the fish which we did eat in Egypt freely, the cucumbers and the melons and the leeks” and olives and dates, such as can nowhere be seen in the same profusion as on the tables of Cairo. Shortly before six, I

accompanied my friends to the synagogue of Nissim Misséri Bey, one of the four brothers who constitute the well-known banking firm of Misséri Frères.

SYNAGOGUES

This private synagogue, within five minutes' walk of Shepherd's Hotel and in the Ismailiya quarter, was much nearer and therefore more convenient for me than the public Shools in the Muski, for the sun made walking almost an impossibility. It forms a sort of outhouse in the garden of the noble mansion in which the families of the four brothers live as a pattern united household. It is slightly smaller than the North London Synagogue, and much the same in style except that book-cases filled with Hebrew volumes occupy one side, and there is no gallery. The ladies sat outside under a large awning, amongst the palm trees, quite close to the open windows, so that they could have attended to the prayers if they had wished, which they did not. Evidently the charms of conversation are as alluring in the East as they are in the West, and the tongues of Eve's daughters do not vary with their complexions. As to externals, I was most struck by the kindly thought which had provided each congregant with a fan of feathers, white or red. At first my old-world notions revolted against the use of this feminine weapon, but the flesh was weak, nay, melting, so that I, too, succumbed. My black coat, decorous garb, was another sacrifice to the proprieties which I regretted, although, after all, I may not have suffered more from the heat than did my fellow-worshippers, for all that they were so lightly clad. Some wore Arab dress, but most—

for it was a fashionable though strictly orthodox congregation—were in mufti, but the fez was universal. Misséri himself was sometimes in European and sometimes in Oriental costume, like his house half Parisian and half African, perhaps because of his dual character as a Bey of Egypt and an Italian Chevalier. The Chazan—the best in Egypt, I was told—seemed to delight his audience, but the taste for his music requires to be cultivated. His nasal twang and sing-song chant, all in the minor key, were for all the world identical with those of the Moullahs in the mosques, whose calls, mingled with the barking of jackals, and screaming of hawks, and braying of donkeys, form the night cries of Cairo. We Jews always borrow from our environment, and anyone transported into a synagogue could, from the style of the decorations and character of the music, at once tell whether he was in a Catholic, a Protestant, or a Mohammedan country. The liturgy is that of the Italian Sephardim with some modifications, which constitute the “Minhag Mizraim,” such as the Duchan every Sabbath, introduced by Maimonides. As our co-religionists there are not very learned in rabbinical lore, they are the more addicted to certain superstitions, and show a decided leaning toward the mysteries of the Kabbala. In the Kol Nidré service this was especially noticeable.

Misséri's is not the only private synagogue in Cairo. In Egypt and, indeed, throughout the Orient, it is the fashion for the leading Jews of the country to have synagogues of their own, which their friends and households attend, and which are sometimes as large as a public synagogue in Europe, while their embroid-

eries and plate are as rich. The custom is a good old-fashioned one, and used to be as prevalent in the West as it is in the East. People who have read Professor Kaufmann's charming biography of his wife's kinsman, R. Samson Wertheimer, who was *Hoffjude* in Vienna some two hundred years ago, will recollect the description of his Shool, which was much such a one as that of Misséri. That of the Cattauis is larger and finer, and boasts of a gallery for ladies. It adjoins the magnificent residence of M. Moïse Cattai, which was once the palace of one of Khedive Ismail's favorite Pashas, and was lent by its present owner to Lord Dufferin, who lived there during the three months or so that he spent in Egypt as England's Special Commissioner. For this attention Queen Victoria sent M. Cattai her portrait, which he treasures with no little pride. The garden is almost a park, and it was a strange sight to English eyes to see some of our less devout, or more weary, co-religionists lying on the grass amid the cotton and plantain or date palms. On the west wall of the synagogue itself is a Hebrew tablet to the memory of a young son of M. Cattai, who was murdered by Arabi's following on the awful night of the bombardment of Alexandria. Robbery was the motive, and his assailants chopped off a finger to get at his diamond ring. His untimely death cast a gloom not only over his immediate family, but over the whole Cairene community, for the Cattauis are great benefactors of their brethren and surpassed by none in public spirit and intelligent liberality.

MAIMONIDES

Maimonides is, if I may say so, the patron saint of Cairo. Indeed, throughout the community he is known as רבנו משה הקדוש, "Our Rabbi Moses the Holy." In the Oriental quarter the chief synagogue is called after his name, and among its treasures is the כתר, or Bible, alleged to have been written by his own hand. In the courtyard of the synagogue is the spot where tradition says he lay buried until his body was removed to the Holy Land. This cellar-like vault is believed to be endowed with mystic virtues, so that it can heal the sick. And the efficacy of faith is so great that, to this day, patients who are brought there often recover. The Rambam's residence in Fostat, or Old Cairo, is, of course, historical; he was for years physician to the Kaliph, and it is a fact that the most valuable and authentic manuscripts of his works, including the famous "Yad ha-Chazakah" of the Bodleian with his signature, of which Dr. Neubauer gives a facsimile in his magnificent catalogue, were originally purchased in Cairo.² Another folio manuscript of the same work, five or six hundred years old, beautifully illuminated, was once the property of Abarbanel, who, believing it to be in the Rambam's own handwriting, paid three thousand ducats for it. This was recently shown me in Frankfort by Dr. Horovitz, who is collating it,

² Four or five autograph letters of his have been found in the Fostat Genizah. One is a genuine twelfth century שו"ת, i. e., "question and answer." The "case" is written first and, just as is counsel's practice still, the "opinion" follows on and is continued on the back.

and he pointed out to me some important *lectiones variae*. It belongs to a dealer in antiquities in Frankfurt, who wants a thousand pounds for it. This, too, I believe, the great Spanish minister procured from Egypt, or at any rate from North Africa. Many legendary tales cluster round the Rambam's name, and form part of Cairene folk-lore. Thus the old story told by Dr. Gaster in his charming *Beiträge zur vergleichenden Sagen und Märchenkunde* has its original habitat in Cairo. We are told that Maimonides and his pupil, or, some say, teacher, had for years been seeking for the *elixir vitae*. At last they succeed, and cast lots who is to be first experimented upon. The lot falls upon the colleague of Maimonides, who forthwith cuts him up, sprinkles the pieces with the wonderful elixir, and puts them in an air-tight bottle, or receiver, which is not to be opened for nine months. After that time the daring student was to emerge resuscitated and immortal. But the experimentee was the King's physician, and when weeks pass and he does not turn up, the King gets uneasy and finds out that he was last seen in company of Maimonides. Summoned to the royal presence, the Jewish philosopher is forced to confess what he has done, and the King, in a fit of indignant piety, breaks the bottle so as to prevent an immortal man from posing as a god. In another account it is not the King but Maimonides himself who, from conscientious scruples, destroys the bottle, and with it his accomplice's chance of immortality. Dr. Gaster refers to similar tales told of Virgil and of Paracelsus, and also to one in which Aristotle plays the *corpus vile* to the Rambam's Faust.

KARAITES

Nowadays there are no Hebrew manuscripts of any importance to be bought in Cairo. The Karaite community possesses some interesting Biblical manuscripts of the tenth, eleventh, and twelfth centuries, which, though fragmentary, are in good preservation. Their Chacham, Sabbatai Manjubi, has noted the dates and descriptions of these at the end of the various books, and he seems an intelligent man. The most curious of the Karaite manuscripts is a Massoretic Bible, which purports to have been written by Moses, the son of Asher, for the congregation of the Beni Mikra (i. e., the Textualists, or Karaites) in Cairo in the 827th year after the destruction of the Temple (i. e., 897 of the present era), about the time of Haroun Alraschid and our own Alfred the Great. The scribe's superscription runs as follows:

אני משה בן אשר כתבתי זה המחוור של בני מקרה בעיר קיריה
נכתב לקץ שמונה מאות שנה ועשרים ושבע לחרבן הבית.

None of these books durst they sell, for there is written on each a solemn curse on the man who should traffic in them. I heard that a few months previously many old Sepharim had been buried in the Beth Chaim of the Perushim, or orthodox Jews, at Bâsâtin, but I was assured by the authorities that these comprised only ragged printed books and modern Scrolls of the Law, which had become Pasul (unfit for use).³

Sunday, the day after Kippur, I paid my first visit

³ This was written at the end of 1888 when the Fostat Genizah was still undiscovered. For a list of Karaite manuscripts and books bought of the Chacham Sabbatai, see "Karaitica," *Jewish Quarterly Review*, XII, pp. 674 seq.

to the Karaite synagogue, and to my astonishment found that the congregation kept the fast on that day, and thought me a heretic for not so doing. I could not ascertain whether their calendar made Sunday the tenth of Tishri, or if they calculate by the Arab lunar year. It may have been only a coincidence, but that Sunday was the tenth day of Moharrem, the first month of the Arab year and an Arab holy day, the Yôm 'Ashûra, on which Adam and Eve first met after their expulsion from Paradise, on which Noah left the Ark, and on which Hussein, Mahomet's grandson, fell at the battle of Kerbela. In memory of his martyrdom the Shiites still cut themselves on that day, and I shall not soon forget the horrible sight the dervishes presented as they marched past the Gâma el Hassanên into the Muski, a gruesome procession dripping with blood. Before entering the Karaite synagogue, which, like a mosque, is richly carpeted, one is obliged to take off one's shoes. The worshippers stood or squatted on the carpet, there were no seats, nor any Almemar in the centre of the building. The Chacham, a dignified old man, and the Chazan, each had a reading desk facing the ark, and the devotion was admirable. They read the Torah from a book with points and accents, and their ritual differs entirely from that of the Sephardim, and mainly consists of quotations from the Bible. The women and girls, gaily dressed in festive attire, remained outside in the courtyard. They stood in picturesque groups which I longed to have sketched or photographed, but when I suggested sending for a photographer, I was rebuked with holy horror. The Karaites live in a separate part of the Jewish quarter,

and their type—the most handsome I have come across—closely, almost indistinguishably, resembles the Arab. Perhaps the race is hybridized by intermarriage. Indeed, the other Jews look down upon them as bastards, and call them Mamzerim, and will not enter their synagogue or mix with them. There are not a great many of them, perhaps five hundred in all.

RABBANITE JEWS

The orthodox community, which, of course, constitutes the large bulk of the Jews in Cairo, exceeds ten thousand in number, and is respectable, hardworking, and not unpopular. Most of the business is in their hands. They are the leading bankers, cigarette makers, and merchants, and, of course, dealers in Oriental manufactures and curiosities. Their stores are the finest in the bazaars, and their character for probity is certainly placed higher by travellers than that of their Moslem fellow-citizens. The trade with the interior of Africa, until our policy closed the Soudan, was almost entirely Jewish, and, indeed, a member of one famous firm told me that their Khartoum agent was now chancellor to the Mahdi, whose exchequer he had replenished with some fourteen thousand pounds belonging to them! The Cairene Jews are the best linguists in the world. Besides Arabic and Hebrew, all, with the exception of the Karaites, talk the Jewish-Spanish jargon, known as Ladino. The wealthier classes talk Italian in society, and have their children taught French and English. In fact, for confusion of tongues the Egyptian capital must be the modern Babel, especially the Old Tower on the Citadel, now that it is tenanted by Tommy

Atkins, who in all languages makes himself understood. I saw no black Jews, and do not believe there are any, although I was assured that numbers of white Jews can and do live up the Nile in Berber and Khartoum, and even further in the interior and nearer the equator. Practically all are Sephardim, and the prevalence of red hair is a peculiarity which may seem strange. Most of them dress in Oriental fashion and to the untutored eye are hardly distinguishable from the Moslem. They act in strict conformity with the observances of our faith, and, barring their foible for superstitions, which, like all Jews, they have borrowed from their non-Jewish and un-Jewish neighbors, are a very creditable community. Their charitable requirements are looked after by a committee of the leading members, and I understand that money is being collected to build a sort of Cathedral Synagogue on the European model in the Ismailiya quarter. Still, their communal institutions cannot be said to be very flourishing. The hospital is somewhat primitive, but the dispensary not bad. The schools were founded in 1840 with much *éclat*, by Crémieux and Munk, after the triumphant return of Sir Moses Montefiore and the great French jurist from their mission to Damascus. One result of this mission was to knit the Eastern Jews to those of the West, and the visible expression of this union was the *Alliance Israélite Universelle*, established by Crémieux, who to this day is affectionately regarded throughout the East as its beneficent founder and Grand Master, and his portrait treasured accordingly. Victor Hugo, by the by, who survived him, had appointed him one of his executors. But, though in Egypt the *Alliance* found

its first field of operations, the schools are not yet much to boast of, nor do they provide sufficient accommodation for the population. Till Madame Otterbourg, of Paris, and her sisters visited Cairo two or three years ago, there was no Jewish teacher in the girls' school, and no Hebrew or religion was taught there. This defect has since been remedied, but, though the girls look most intelligent, the style of instruction and the school appliances are much inferior to those of other schools of the *Alliance Israélite* in Asia Minor, though even these err in being rather secular than Jewish. The boys' school in the Muski is more satisfactory, the pupils clever, the masters energetic. The schoolrooms seem somewhat exiguous, dark, and stuffy, in comparison with a London Board School, but this may be the fault of the climate. The fierce light that beats upon Egypt and hatches the crocodiles' eggs is not esteemed so highly by the natives as it is by one accustomed to a northern sun. The "Ecole Payante," or "Ecole Cattai," for boys is deserving of much praise, and it were well if we had a similar institution in London. It is a school founded by M. Cattai for the children of well-to-do parents. The instruction given is good, about that of an average private school in England. The programme includes Euclid, algebra, and geography, and especially languages—Hebrew, Arabic, Italian, and English. The Hebrew is elementary—Rashi in the highest class. The boys stay till they are fourteen or fifteen years old, and then go into business, or in some cases are sent to Europe to complete their education.

In all the schools the prevalence of ophthalmia—the curse of Cairo—strikes one as very terrible. The

girls seem to suffer even more than the boys, and the head-mistress assured me that a very large proportion of the pupils was always absent through diseases of the eye.

OLD CAIRO

One of the most noteworthy of the Jewish antiquities in or near Cairo is the old Jewish burial ground of Bâsâtin on the right bank of the Nile, with its flat white gravestones, which form so curious a landmark as the train passes on its way to the baths of Helouan. But even this ancient God's-acre, with all its silent records of the past, must yield in interest to the synagogue in Old Cairo, or "Babylon," as it was sometimes called. Among the archives of the congregation kept for safe custody in the strong room of a communal leader—and banker—is a firman from some Soldan or Kaliph. This title deed is eight hundred years old, or more, and purports to confirm the Jews in the ownership of the *בית הכנסת של עזרא*. The synagogue is in what was formerly known as Fostat, and it is a pretty longish drive from Cairo proper. Maimonides calls it a two Sabbath days' journey, and it is quite three or four miles away from the Jewish quarter in the Muski.

The guide books say that it was once the Church of St. Michael, and in style of architecture it certainly does resemble the Coptic basilicas which adjoin it. Associated with it are several curious and interesting legends about Moses, Elijah, and Ezra; it is alluded to by our Jewish Marco Polo, the great traveller Benjamin of Tudela, who visited it in 1173, and says that on that very spot Moses was supposed to have prayed that the plague of hail might cease. By the natives

it is known as the Esh Shamyān, or Keniset Eliyāhu. To the right and left of the centre aisle, which terminates in the principal ark, are alcoves containing subsidiary arks, on the doors of which the twenty-fourth Psalm is carved in relief. This is very usual in Oriental synagogues, which, like others of the Sephardic rite, are not embellished by curtains embroidered by the fair hands of the daughters of Israel. The shape of the letters is antique, and the workmanship extremely good. High up (about sixteen feet) on the right corner of the alcove to the left is a little cupboard, where they keep the Scroll of the Torah which Ezra the Scribe is said to have written with his own hand. Graetz has denounced this famous scroll as a sham, a fraud, a delusion, and a snare, but the natives attach, or profess to attach, great veneration to it, and have a superstition that whoever is present when it is taken out will die within the year. Dr. A. Asher suggested that, though the reluctance to show the book was too strong to be feigned, its superstitious element was only a make-believe, for he humorously attributed the objection to a fear of the true facts of the case being discovered, should the precious manuscript be "seen too oft." Anyhow, I had the greatest difficulty in persuading my cicerone, who was the beadle's son, and presumably *au fait* with things divine, and a holy man, to let me climb a very shaky ladder and have a look at it. At last I had my way, but not without almost realizing his superstitious fears, for I was within a little of breaking my neck. The steps were rotten, and as I stood on the topmost rung I swayed, and felt like Mahomet, 'twixt heaven and earth.

I found a door closing a small aperture, opened it, and discovered a torn and somewhat mouldy Sepher inside, which was evidently Pasul. The writing was easily legible and to my inexperienced eyes quite modern. I should be greatly surprised if it were found to be three hundred years old.

INSCRIPTIONS

In a corresponding alcove, on the right hand side, I discovered a genuine antiquity, which has not, to my knowledge, been alluded to by any travellers. About twelve feet high and round three sides of the wall runs a single line inscription carved in the stone, the carving good, the characters antique, and no spaces between words. It is worth while reproducing, if only because it furnishes a foil to the not less affecting, though, so much more modern, inscription in the Cattani Synagogue to which I have already referred. As far as I could make it out, it runs thus:

... ושלמה הנחטף בקצרות השנים רוח יי' הניחנו ינחם לב אחינו
ברבן קמורחננאל הזקן היקר נעבר בן קמורחננאל אברהם הזקן
הידוע אלמש . . .

I read as follows:

דוד שלמה הנחטף בקצרות השנים רוח יי' הניחנו ינחם לב אחינו
הנדיב יהושע ברבן קמורחננאל הזקן היקר נעבר בן קמורחננאל
ורבנא אברהם הזקן הידוע אלמש

The inscription seems to be to the memory of "David Solomon, who was snatched away while of tender years; the spirit of the Lord brought him to rest. May the Lord comfort the heart of our brother, the princely Joshua, son of our Rabbi and Teacher, the holy Chananel, the estimable sage who rests in Eden, himself the son of our Rabbi and Teacher, the sage Abraham, the famous Alamsi (Alamîn?)!" The last

word is evidently a surname, and perhaps the key to the whole memorial inscription. Unfortunately the last letter (or letters) is covered, as in the two other cases, by boards of wood, which I could not remove. The epithet Kadosh, "holy," is generally applied to martyrs only. There is no date, but I should fancy it cannot well be less than five hundred years old, and may possibly be considerably older.

In the cloisters of one of the churches at Florence, there is a similarly sad inscription about a lost child, "whose parents all mothers that saw it used to envy." The story is not an uncommon one—the loss of a promising child happens only too often, but one touch of nature makes the whole world kin. We know nothing of the cause of the little lad's death, and are free to picture to ourselves the romance of a terrible life under the Fâtimite Kaliphs in the time of the Crusades. The whole synagogue is a gem of antiquity. Divine service is still held there regularly, but though the attendance is sparse, creature comforts have to be provided for, and it was not without a shudder that I heard that the respectable community of Cairo had resolved to have it whitewashed, cleaned, and renovated in a few months. My fears were not justified; indeed, it was probably owing to the restoration of the building that the famous Genizah was discovered, into which it was the author's privilege to be the first European to enter, on January 3, 1896.

A JEWISH WEDDING

On the eve of Succoth, I saw a Jewish wedding. My dragoman, Mustapha Abdwerahman, was piloting me through the Bazaar of the Saddlers, when suddenly

the strains of weird Arab music struck upon our ears. Like all Egyptians passionately devoted to anything in the nature of a *fantasiya*, my guide made me follow him to the source of the melody. We threaded our way through a narrow lane, the houses of which had a common gallery on the first floor, where three musicians were stationed. We climbed up and found a room full of people. The beadle of the Misséri Synagogue was there, and from the honor shown him, I soon gathered that I was in a Jewish interior and not in a Moslem harem as I had hoped. The ceremony was just over, and the friends of the happy couple were congratulating them and taking refreshments at the same time. I, too, paid my respects to the bride, who sat beside her parents on a divan at one end of the room, while her husband lingered shyly at the other. She was young, very young, and her husband was not much older, but as to her beauty I cannot speak, for she was thickly veiled. The bridal dress of some flimsy white stuff did not seem very different from what one wears in Europe, and, indeed, the similarity of the function to the wedding "at homes," which are growing so fashionable, struck me as ludicrously incongruous. The people were evidently poor, but everything was clean, and everybody was most decorous and polite. The young man was an artisan, who certainly gave evidence of considerable *nous* in availing himself of what was practically three days' holiday for his honeymoon.

TABERNACLES

I was struck with the number and size, nay, even elegance, of the tabernacles in the fash-

ionable Ismailiya quarter near the Ezbekiye, or Hyde Park of Cairo—of course, the Jewish quarter literally swarmed with them. One European indispensable I missed: no Succah was provided with shutters—but then it never rains! Most were built on the flat roofs, and some in the gardens, though these are as a rule too shady for the purpose. The roof was composed of palm branches, an extravagance to my eyes, which have been accustomed to see Ethrogim hanging from the roof as ornaments, but Lulabim never before! However, palms are abundant in Egypt, and though I had to pay a very European price for my own Ethrog and Lulab, I suppose it was for the same reason that the stranger finds coals dear at Newcastle. Looking round from my entertainer's roof, I could see so many palaces with large Succoth that I could almost imagine myself in a new Jerusalem, and feel happy, were it not for an uneasy feeling that there is a tendency, as a Jewish colleague, an advocate in the International Tribunal, wittily told me, to replace the Temple by the Bourse in the Place Méhémet Ali in Alexandria. Indeed, the Emperor Hadrian noticed this failing of Israel in Egypt, for, in a letter to Servianus, he says of the Alexandrians that "they all really recognize one god only, the same who is worshipped by Christians, Jews, and all nations." That god is, of course, Mammon, whose very name, I am sorry to say, is Semitic.

THE EXODUS

Of the Egypt of the Exodus I had but a glimpse as our English engine snorted through the dusty land of Goshen. We sailed across the Red Sea, and afterwards rode for a few hours on donkeys in the desert of

Arabia Petræa as far as Ain Mûsa. This is an oasis, which some authorities (e. g., Brugsch) identify as Elim, where there were twelve wells of water and three-score and ten palm trees. Arab traditions point to it as Marah, for the water in some of the wells there is more brackish than in others. Some is quite drinkable, and it does not require a great stretch of the imagination to attribute its comparative palatability to a miracle. Most probably, however, Ain Mûsa is the place where the Israelites sang the triumphal Song of Moses. I devoured multitudes of dates which grew there, and blessed the spot, for they were very nice. On the way to the Suez Canal we had also passed Tell el-Yehûdyeh (the Hill, or Mound, of the Jews), about twenty miles from Cairo, where Onias, the high priest, erected a temple for the Palestinian refugees who fled with him from the bigotry of Antiochus. No trace of the building remains, but Brugsch discovered some Jewish antiquities there, now exhibited in the museum of Boulak. But all these details, are they not written in the books of those wise in the wisdom of Egypt?

FROM JAFFA TO JERUSALEM

The Crowded East — Landing at Jaffa — The Drive to Jerusalem — The Suburbs of Jerusalem.

THE CROWDED EAST

THE greatest of all surprises to the explorer of the old Old World is the smallness of everything. To modern notions all ancient cities seem tiny, and except for the oceans of talk which surround and glorify them they would be deemed utterly insignificant. Of no place is this so true as of Palestine. The Holy Land which occupies so much of our literature, so much of our thoughts, which is, or ought to be, a part of our very selves, and in a moral, if not in a real sense, the hub of the universe, the cradle of mankind, is in area no larger than Kent, and in population less than Liverpool. Another surprise is its proximity and accessibility. It is only a night's journey from the Suez Canal, the great thoroughfare of modern commerce. Port Said is barely six days' journey from London, and Jaffa only a dozen hours from Port Said. Unfortunately, so far as material prosperity and prospects are concerned, once round the clock is handicap enough to convert the good old times, when the valley of the Jordan was the highway of nations, into the desolation of the present. Nowadays, instead of rich caravans to tax, the natives can fleece only poor pilgrims or stingy tourists like ourselves. Palestine is a *cul-de-sac*, and must remain so until altered by some such marvellous scheme as the Duke of Sutherland's. The Duke

wishes us to avail ourselves of the natural depression of the Jordan and the Dead Sea, so as to constitute an interoceanic canal, which will give us a short cut to India ; but the French millions sunk at Panama will prove a commercial deterrent more difficult than all the obstacles provided by nature. They talk of a railway from Jaffa to Jerusalem, and when I was at Constantinople, they said that M. Navon had obtained a concession from the Sublime Porte, and that the Sultan had actually signed the firman. I do not know how far this is true ; it is whispered, indeed, that an Oriental railway king of many millions is syndicating the project, but I venture to predict that, unless the present Governor of Palestine loses his Vilayet within a short time, and a new Pasha arises who *does* like Navon, it will be ten years at least before the railway will be an accomplished fact. I doubt whether it would pay. Under the present conditions of little passenger and no goods traffic, it certainly could not, and I fancy that the gradients would be found unworkably steep for anything but the lightest of steam tramways.

LANDING AT JAFFA

I left the land of cartouches and tarbouches on a Tuesday evening, and before I was half-awake was bewildered by the babel of sounds which warned us that the mongrel Arab boatmen of Jaffa had surrounded our vessel, and were shouting and touting for a fare. The ship had to anchor in the open bay, for Jaffa harbor is a thing of the past only, and as the sea is generally very rough just there, the passenger finds that the discomforts he experiences in the landing boat

makes the land of his expectations all the dearer to him. As soon as we heard that land was in sight we, of course, rushed upon deck to gaze upon the Promised Land. For a while we feasted our eyes upon the beauties of the little port which, like Capri, nestles on the cliff. Immediately before us frowned the coast where Jonah was swallowed up by the whale, and where Perseus gallantly rescued Andromeda, but I must confess



JAFFA

that I could trace no remains of the terrors of the Bible monster or the Greek beauty's fascinations. Hurry and worry are the great enemies of sentiment, and I must plead guilty to having, at that particular psychological moment, felt more interested in Cook's red-jacketed boatmen than in all the picturesque beauties on which my eyes might have feasted. Some time elapsed before the red-jackets were allowed to board us. Quarantine regulations had to be complied with, and the Turkish officials are great sticklers for formalities.

It was a Russian boat—the “Cesarewitch”—we were on, and I cannot conceive in what language the ship’s papers could have been made out. To my personal knowledge none of the officers could speak any civilized language except Russian,—and surely Russian is not civilized,—and when one of them had by chance rendered me some small service I had to thank him in Arabic! Even in Syria “Thank you” is the most useful word in the vocabulary, for does it not signify the grateful expectation of good things to come?

THE DRIVE TO JERUSALEM

As soon as I could, I placed myself under the wing of Cook’s representative, the modern Mercury’s Mercury. I am afraid I worried the excellent man not a little, but I was extremely anxious to get to Jerusalem before nightfall. I had only eight hours to spare. Now the guide books, which differed in everything else, agreed in representing the distance to Jerusalem as eleven hours and a half at least, and “somewhat too long for a single day.” Accordingly, I was prepared to do heroic things on Arab steeds and emulate school-boy recollections of Mr. Richard Turpin’s famous ride to York. But adventures are not to the adventurous, and Dame Fortune, who has a mighty hankering after the commonplace, had arranged that my path was to be made smooth. Russian Archdukes were on their way to Palestine, and even Turkish indifference had to yield before the risk of shaking Imperial pilgrims overmuch, and so the road was actually being repaired. I was in too great a hurry to linger in Jaffa that morning, and as everybody is probably more interested in Jerusalem than Jaffa, I must defer an account of its eight

hundred lovely gardens, of which I am sorry to say only ten are in Jewish hands. Cook's man provided me with one of Howard's wagons, and, after a light breakfast, we got away by nine o'clock. Our vehicle was a sort of *char-à-banc*, and it did not take us long to discover that springs were conspicuous by their absence. Windows there were none, and though the curtains kept the heat in, my hat was less fortunate. I had doffed the imposing pith helmet with which I had hoped to astonish the natives, and after a few miles' rumbling on, I all at once discovered that it had vanished, so that till my arrival in Jerusalem I had only a light boating cap with which to face the midday sun. We had three horses and two Jehus, both of whom looked remarkably like co-religionists of ours, but were in reality pure-blooded Syrians, whose type of face proved their Semitic, but not a Jewish origin. In high spirits we started merrily on our way. Before long, however, the off-side leader got a leg over the traces and bolted, and we were within a little of being precipitated over the embankment, for the road there was a few feet higher than the fields of Indian corn on either side. Luckily, however, the horse fell before a worse disaster happened, and, though we rather bungled at first, we managed, with a remarkable but choice selection of Arabic oaths, to extricate the jade, and were soon making up for lost time. After about a dozen miles or so on the flat we reached Ramleh, where we refreshed ourselves with coffee. After that we left the sandy but wooded plain of the sea-coast with its palms and orange trees and cactus hedges, and commenced the ascent into the wild and rocky mountains, for Jerusalem lies twenty-five hundred feet high.

Here the likeness to Swiss scenery impressed itself more and more. I have been fortunate enough to travel over a good many mountain roads in the Lake District and the Highlands, in the Alps, and Tyrol, and Apennines, but, except perhaps on the Stelvio Pass, I do not remember ever having seen a more picturesque landscape than that which now disclosed itself to us. It was a most agreeable disappointment, for what I had been led to anticipate was a dull and dreary road, tolerable only because of its end. My companion was a German professor,—a colleague of a great friend of mine,—and his conversation was remarkably interesting, although he damped my sentimental ardors and irrepressible enthusiasm. He was a Teufelsdröckh, whose only love was science, and who professed to be altogether unmoved by the historical associations which began to crowd in upon us. He seemed concerned only about the geological peculiarities of the country, which, for the rest, are striking enough. Our drivers did not loiter long on the way, for, urged by the anticipations of *bakhshish*, which was to vary inversely as the length of the drive, they did not spare their horses. Thrice we stopped on the way. At Bâb-el-Wâdy we had expected to be greeted by a Jewish host, but he had been replaced by a Levantine, who told us some cock and bull story about his predecessor's peccadilloes. At our last wait, at Kulôniyeh, once a Roman colony and perhaps the Emmaus of the New Testament, we were met by a dragoman who came to sing the praises of his hotel. When Dr. R. declared his intention of patronizing Howard's Hotel, and I the Hotel Jerusalem, he hurried back on his donkey and got in



[See page 72]

NEW HOSPITAL AT JERUSALEM

several minutes before we did. We arrived before five o'clock, and found that the fact of two strangers starting from Jaffa had been at once telegraphed to the hotel keepers by local friends. Modern improvements had disappointed us of our expectation of overwhelming the Orientals with a surprise visit, and a Matthew Arnold would have protested that Palestine was indeed true to its etymology and a land of Philistines.

THE SUBURBS OF JERUSALEM

The approach to Jerusalem was not imposing. No minarets or steeples can be seen from the Jaffa Road, and the quaint old Saracen fortifications and walls, which the Crusaders found so hard a nut to crack, are not visible till a turn in the road brings one almost suddenly to the Jaffa Gate. But if we failed to see any such architectural embellishments before driving into the courtyard of the Hotel Jerusalem, we noticed what from a practical, if not an æsthetic, point of view was more satisfactory. Our eyes were gladdened by trim rows of cottages built of white limestone, the glare of which was relieved by their red-tiled roofs. There were hundreds of these little houses constituting a new Jerusalem without the walls, and giving ground for the hope that there is yet a bright future for our co-religionists, as hard work and thrift replace the pauperism of past ages. Almost all these houses were tenanted by Jews, of whom nearly five thousand live outside the Jaffa Gate. Most were erected by building societies, some under the auspices of the Sir Moses Montefiore Testimonial Committee, but a large number by the independent co-operation

of *bonâ fide* residents, and paid for out of earnings. As soon as I entered the hotel, the proprietor, Mr. Kaminitz, made me feel quite at home, and my friend regretted that he had pledged himself to the rival establishment. Of the cleanliness and comfort of Kaminitz's Hotel, of his courtesy and that of his two sons, and of the excellence of his wife's cuisine, I cannot speak too highly. But he does not need my recommendation, the eloquent praises in all languages from Hebrew to Greek and English to Arabic contained in his Visitors' Book would alone suffice to tempt travellers to patronize his hotel. The Earl and Countess of Meath, who spent six weeks there, Baron and Baroness Edmond de Rothschild, and the Jewish Ambassador of the United States at Constantinople and his wife, were among those who during the twelve months previous had expressed their entire satisfaction and delight with the attention they had received.

JERUSALEM

Architecture — Beggars — The Jews of Jerusalem — Russian Jews in Palestine — A Chassidish Dance — The Rejoicing of the Law — The Britzker Rav at Jerusalem — The Rothschild School in 1888 — Languages — The Workshops — The Pupils — The Orphan School and Others — Climate and Sanitation — Underground Jerusalem — Hospitals — Doctor d'Arbela — The Missionaries — Clocks — A Meeting — Tombs — King David's Sepulchre — Catacombs — Derivishes — Synagogues — The Chalukah System — Jewish Artisans.

ARCHITECTURE

THERE are no great triumphs of architecture in Jerusalem. It is not an Athens or a Rome. What buildings there are, are connected with religions, and mostly iconoclastic religions. Even the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, with the exception of some tawdry if expensive additions by the Catholics, Roman and Greek, is severely simple. The Mosque of Omar is externally beautiful, but association lends it a glamour it had not otherwise possessed. Well-preserved ruins are disappointingly few, but then it must not be forgotten that Jerusalem has been destroyed fourteen times and as often rebuilt. Some portions of the Cyclopean Walls of the Second Temple and of Herod's, notably the *כותל מערב*, or Western Wall, have survived all the onslaughts of time and the enemy, but they are grand rather than handsome. Everywhere Jerusalem is more interesting than artistic. The quaintest of its ancient buildings is the so-called Tomb of Absalom, in the Val-

ley of Jehoshaphat, close by the Jewish gravestones that cluster at the foot of the Mount of Olives. It is a small square chapel or vault, cut out of the limestone rock, surrounded by about a dozen pillars with Ionic capitals; the whole surmounted by a curious, indented cupola, something like that of the Pavilion in Brighton. Jews and Gentiles firmly believe in the authenticity of the monument, and to this day our co-religionists are in the habit of throwing stones at the place, so as to impress on their children their undying detestation of a rebellious son. In its present form, it has probably been repaired and restored by the Romans, possibly under Trajan or Hadrian, when the Imperial architects followed the fashion and aped the Greeks. But it is quite likely that the tomb-chamber was originally cut out of the solid rock by the grief-stricken David, and that tradition is correct in its identification of the cenotaph, despite the comparatively modern alterations which the Romans made. Anyhow, it would not be the only antiquity there which has witnessed that mighty people's origin, development, decline, and fall. The visitor who expects to find even traces of a specifically Jewish architecture must be wofully disappointed. None ever existed, and even the Temple itself was probably only an imitation of the masterpieces of Egypt and Assyria, and in style a cross between the two. In *Les premières civilisations* Gustave Le Bon says of us that "*leurs villes, leurs temples, leurs palais, les Juifs étaient profondément incapables de les élever eux-mêmes; et au temps de leur plus grande puissance, sous le règne de Solomon, c'est de l'étranger qu'ils furent obligés de faire venir les architectes, les ouvriers, les artistes dont nul émule n'existait alors au*

sein d'Israël." This is very unflattering, but I am not Chauvinist enough to deny that there is a great deal of truth in the statement. It is enough for us that, as trustees for humanity, we held the Land and the Book.

BEGGARS

As regards its inhabitants, Jerusalem is much better than its reputation. An impression prevails that it is a city of beggars, and I, for one, was fully prepared to find that it was so. I expected that even a week's residence would be rendered intolerable by their pestering and complaints. But I was most agreeably disappointed, and can honestly say that I was less annoyed by mendicants, during my stay there, than I have been in Paris itself. Of course, there is a frightful amount of poverty, but in the East it is not so obtrusive as in the West, perhaps because it is really less painful. Nor did even the interior of the city seem as dirty as one had feared. It may be because I looked through rose-colored spectacles. It may be because none are so blind as those that will not see. It may be because I have passed through so complete an apprenticeship of dirt in Whitechapel that I am no longer impressionable. Or it may be, and I think this is the true reason, because there was really not so much dirt to be seen. It must not be forgotten that I reached the Holy City in holiday time, when half the inhabitants, for there are about twenty-three thousand¹

¹ There are thirty-one Jewish colonies in the suburbs of Jerusalem, including one of Bokhariots and two of Yemenites. Each colony consists of a clump of fifty to a hundred little dwellings.

Jews in a total population of forty thousand, were resting from their labors and were dressed in holiday attire, and they and their houses were beautified by their holiday wash.

THE JEWS OF JERUSALEM

It is very hard to picture to Europeans the actual state of our brethren in Jerusalem. The various nationalities there together constitute a mosaic, which is unparalleled in any other part of the world, except perhaps in London, where, however, all differences are swamped in the infinity of sameness which surrounds them. In Jerusalem we meet European, Asiatic, and African Jews. Fez and Bokhara, Yemen and Daghistan, Tunis and Persia, the Atlas and the Caucasus, all have their representatives in the religious capital. To all Jews the Hebrew language is a *lingua franca*, but it is whispered that some Israelite subjects of his Ottoman Majesty know a secret language in addition which no non-Jew can understand, and of which I am equally ignorant. Perhaps this is the mysterious language of the Druses, those extraordinary Unitarians of whom Disraeli gives so vivid an account in "Tancred," when he describes his hero's visit to Astarte, the lovely Queen of the Ansarey. There are about seventy thousand living in the Lebanon and the Hauran, and there is also a colony of Druses in Safed. Sylvestre de Sacy wrote a great deal about them in 1828, and a recent paper published in the "Journal of the Palestine Exploration Society" completes our very scanty information on the subject. To this day the nature of their language remains one of the unsolved problems of philology. They guard their manu-

scripts so jealously that they are enjoined to kill any stranger found in possession of their sacred writings. It may well be that their language has been introduced into Jewry by Jews hailing from the Lebanon. Anyhow, the Jews have always had a certain amount of intercourse with them. They were known to and described by Benjamin of Tudela. Dr. Loewe, whose loss was so deeply deplored, knew as much about them as any one. He fell into their hands in 1838 when they invaded Palestine proper, and inflicted much suffering on the Jews of Safed and Tiberias. A Palestinian Leland is required to throw light upon their secret speech. But the staple dialects of our co-religionists continue to be the Judæo-Spanish and Jüdisch-Deutsch jargons according as their talkers are Sephardim or Ashkenazim.

I do not wish to be guilty of statistics,—at any rate more than I can help,—and I hope I shall be forgiven if the description of my impressions is as hazy as my diction is slipshod. I am writing these notes discursively and disjointedly from my only too dim recollections of my scamper through the East, and almost the only written material at my disposal are the letters I sent home during the journey. It is true that I jotted down in a note-book some facts and figures as I went on, but I was unlucky enough to trust the book to the tender mercies of my dragoman one night, as we cantered down the mountains and through the ravines to Jericho. He placed it with other articles of mine—mostly requisites of toilet—in a saddle-bag, but when daylight appeared, the saddle-bag had vanished. The Bedouins are perhaps the richer for my soap and brushes, as well as for my notes, and will doubtless

have, by this time, thoroughly tested the mysterious properties of those extraordinary adjuncts of civilization. I hope they have found them useful, and that the soap agreed with their—digestion. In modern—too modern—Jerusalem, I found no difficulty in replacing the brushes and the soap. I still hold, as a curiosity, the receipted bill for the same, written in pure Hebrew, and, after a prolonged use of them, am able to vouch that I got good value for my money. But as to my note-book, I live in fear and trembling that some Bedouin, more knowing than his fellows, may put it to ransom, and that it may fall into the hands of some Jerusalemite who can interpret my scrawl, and may find a few of my hasty criticisms more candid than complimentary. However, I myself must do the best I can without it, and be content with the supplementary information I was able to glean.

RUSSIAN JEWS IN PALESTINE

Jerusalem is the only place in the Orient where Yiddish is spoken to any extent. Nowhere else, either in Syria or Egypt, Asia Minor or Turkey, did I come across a single individual who spoke a word of it. It is true that, on board the postboat from Ismailiya to Port Said, I met a young apothecary whose German was of that complexion. He called himself a Viennese, but he hailed from Galicia originally and since from Jerusalem, to which city he was then returning. He did not impress me very favorably, for he made me think him a Pharisee of Pharisees. It was one of the intermediate days of the Feast of Tabernacles, and he was professing the most scrupulous orthodoxy and bemoaning that the exigencies of travel prevented his

using a Lulab and Ethrog. I offered him mine, but he declined to make the blessing over them, protesting that he had never yet made use of such bad ones. They had cost me a lot of money, and I felt the snub keenly! Afterwards I came across the man again. He looked me up in Jerusalem (he got there four days after I did), and solicited my good offices to get him admitted a student of the Lionel de Rothschild Technical School, of which more anon. I did not feel particularly beholden to him, but I can soothe my ruffled feelings by the reflection that I put no spoke in his wheel. Through the kindness of that excellent friend, M. Nissim Behar, he is now sawing wood instead of bones, or perhaps carving boxes instead of washing bottles.

Probably at least ten thousand Jews and Jewesses speak the Jüdisch-Deutsch dialect in Jerusalem, so that I felt quite at home, and, but for the clearness of the atmosphere, the narrow, vaulted streets, low houses with wooden gratings instead of windows, quaint costumes, and other local colorings, might well have thought myself in the East of London or some other Polish quarter. Half of the Jews and therefore more than a fourth of the entire population are Russians by birth or parentage, and have managed to impress their individuality very decidedly upon their environment. At the time of the Crimean War under Czar Nicholas, great changes arose in the official treatment of the Jews of Russia. They did good service as soldiers, and it was the Government's desire to assimilate them to the rest of the population. There was nothing Machiavellian about the wish at first, though it has since operated cruel wrong and hardship and

malignant injustice. Many Jews sooner than give up—as Nicholas desired them to do—their ancient costume, which was a custom to them more hallowed almost than religion, migrated to the Holy Land. So it happens that the Russian immigrants retain in Palestine the fur-lined caps which have survived in Russia as fittest to counteract the icy blasts of the steppes. They looked very much out of place in Jerusalem, but, curiously enough, their wearers did not seem to find them insupportable in the tropical heat. It was very amusing to see my Polish co-religionists, old and young,—and the little boys looked particularly comical,—wearing flat circular birettas of black velvet or velveteen, trimmed all round with fur, and, to all intents and purposes, like a large and greasy plate with a broad brown-yellow rim. Underneath this extraordinary covering, which, I am told, is the common head-dress of the Russian Moujik, nestle the shaggy locks and beard of the wearers, whose Péoth, or corkscrew kiss-curls, hanging over each temple, give them a most characteristic appearance. From the neck downward they are ordinary Arabs, but their Tartar physique proves them to be Poles apart from the true natives of their adopted land.

A CHASSIDISH DANCE

I never saw a Jew in Jerusalem without his hat on but once, and it happened thus. On Simchath Torah eve, I paid a visit to the famous Rabbi Judah Leib Diskin. As I entered, I found the Rabbi sitting in an armchair, gazing contemplatively into space. Some of the young men of the Yeshibah were dancing around the room in rollicking fun, each a *pas seul*,

and one of them, with true Oriental hospitality, thought he would honor and gratify me by exchanging his head-covering for mine. True, mine was a somewhat battered straw-hat and his a crown of fur, but all the same I felt rueful and alarmed when he crowned me, and I am afraid my greetings lost in dignity and impressiveness. In fact, I felt somewhat like Gulliver among the Brobdingnagians, when the monkeys patronized him. The style of rejoicing was none the less of great interest. The tune to which they danced, and which in other Chassidish Chevras was evidently the favorite, made a deep impression at the time. A musical friend, the Rev. Francis Cohen, has been good enough to transcribe my now half-faded recollections of the Chassidish howl. He says that the harmonization is not very classical, but "rather like a Chassid's nightmare after a heavy supper off Beethoven." Mr. Cohen's rendering follows on the next page.

I will not be answerable for the consequences, if any fair friend attempts to translate the notes into music, vocal or instrumental. The tune is, I daresay, to be heard in Chassidish communities a thousand miles north of Jerusalem, but there it was evidently the favorite of—well—melodies. Of course, one of the most striking of the peculiarities of the Holy City is the total absence of opportunities for amusement, as a young English resident pathetically complained to me. Perhaps with the assistance of M. Nissim Behar's talented wife, an occasional concert in her drawing-room will in the future be allowed to relieve the gloom, and it would not be surprising if the next English traveller who follows my good example and pays the Jerusalemites a visit has his ears greeted by the

JEWS IN MANY LANDS

Allegro, molto nasale, sempre staccato.

First system of musical notation. The treble staff contains a melody in 2/4 time, starting on G4, moving to A4, B4, and C5, then descending to B4, A4, G4, and F#4. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords. The lyrics are: Ei - yei ei - yei ei - ei - ei - ei - yei,

Second system of musical notation. The treble staff continues the melody from the first system. The bass staff continues the harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are: ei - yei ei - yei ei - ei - ei - ei - yei;

Third system of musical notation. The treble staff continues the melody. The bass staff continues the harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are: ei - yei ei - yei ei - ei - ei - ei - yei

Fourth system of musical notation. The treble staff concludes the melody with a final cadence, marked with a double bar line and a fermata. The word *rit.* is written above the staff. The bass staff concludes the accompaniment. The lyrics are: ei - yei ei - yei ei - ei - ei - ei - yei

familiar strains of "Dorothy" or Sullivan's incidental music to "Macbeth."

THE REJOICING OF THE LAW

If the tune of the Chassidim is funny, the manner in which they make the Hakafoth, or circuits of the synagogue, during the Rejoicing of the Law, is funnier still. Each bearer of a scroll is surrounded by three or four men who dance slowly, but with evident gusto and superabundant gesticulation, *der Rolle treu, mit lächerlichem Ernst*. It was comical and shocking to see venerable graybeards pirouetting on their toes like some European fairy of the pantomime, but it was highly appreciated, and I had to simulate satisfaction for fear of being rebuked, as Michal was when she objected to King David's "dancing with all his might."

A very good illustration of the esteem in which this religious dancing is held is furnished by a story related of the Kabbalist Isaac Luria, in the Rödelheim edition of the *Maase Buch* published in 1753, and quoted by Dr. Max Grünbaum in his *Jüdisch-deutsche Chrestomathie*. It is related that one Sabbath morning R. Isaac told his disciples that he would show them something very extraordinary if they promised not to laugh, and he warned them that whoever broke his promise would die within the year. They give the required assurances, and the wonder-worker conjures up, from among the spirits of the vasty deep, seven ghosts, whom he calls up to the reading of the Law. Their prototypes in the flesh are no less personages than Aaron the high priest as Cohen, Moses his brother as Levite, and as ordinary Israelites, the patriarchs Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, and Joseph. The seventh and last

to be called up is King David, and he comes forward jumping and dancing in honor of the Law. One hapless Talmid involuntarily bursts out laughing, and, of course, dies that selfsame year. But the Rabbi himself does not escape scathless, and the very next story relates how he, too, dies soon after, by way of penalty for being too yielding to his pupils' idle curiosity, and too ready to prostitute to an unworthy love of ostentation that talent which it was death to discover, and with which he was endowed for higher purposes.

The late Mr. F. D. Mocatta, himself a great traveller, reminded me that a custom not very unlike the Chasid's celebration of Simchath Torah prevails among the devout Catholics of Seville. During carnival, and also in June and October, a solemn Dancing Mass is celebrated in the cathedral of that lovely city. The officiating sixteen boys ("seises") dance in front of the high altar, with plumed hats on their heads, and dressed as pages of the time of Philip III. They wear red and white for Corpus Christi, blue and white for the festivals of the Virgin. The dance is supposed to imitate that of the Israelites before the Ark of the Covenant. One of the popes, more ascetic than his predecessors, objected to thus exposing the mysteries of the Mass to unseemly revelry, and sought to abolish the custom, but the force of public opinion was stronger than the Head of the Church, and the Dancing Mass at Seville is a solemn institution to this very day.

There was dancing that night throughout Jewry in Jerusalem, and the nicest part of the performance was to see the mothers standing quietly inside the doors of the synagogue, or Chevra, with their little children,

who clapped their hands and ran up to kiss the Scrolls as they passed, and altogether seemed in the seventh heaven of delight. In the great synagogues of the Sephardim and Ashkenazim, the ceremony was grander and more decorous. All the candles were lit, and, *experto crede*, dripped exceedingly. Twenty or thirty Scrolls were taken out of the Ark and carried round the Almemar. There is an immense number of Scrolls in Jerusalem, for the residents are still as famous for their calligraphy as they have been for centuries, and their work is cheap. Every elder of the synagogue who was honored with one seemed to be a Morenu, or ordained Rabbi, and their bright robes and cheerful faces showed that, as Heine sings of the Shabbas, on that day each thought himself as happy as a king, forgetful of the squalor and poverty and pain of the everyday life outside. Many of the little boys waved flags of red, blue, white, or yellow silk or stuff. On one side of these banners were printed the verses sung during the Hakafoth (אנא ה' הושיעה נא etc.), and on the other the arms of Sir Moses Montefiore, the champion of Jerusalem, were fully emblazoned with their supporters, a lion and unicorn rampant, and, on a scroll, his motto, "Jerusalem."

THE BRITZKER RAV AT JERUSALEM

Rabbi Judah Leib Diskin, at whose house I saw the Chassidish dance, cannot be dismissed with the above incidental mention. The JeLeD (child), as he was acrostically called, was, indeed, the child of his time and environment.

Born at the beginning of the century which in a more western city produced a Heine, the Lithuanian

lad was regarded by his Chassidish *entourage* as hardly less marvellous a genius. His aspirations could not be confined within the mud walls of a Russian village. The "Litvak," as the Lithuanian is sometimes in affection, more often contemptuously, called, is a very curious type of Jew, but the Litvak Chassid is more curious and still more redoubtable. There has always been a mystic bent in the Jewish mind, and to this, as Dr. Schechter has shown, Chassidism gives full scope. It is a joyful and emotional sort of religion—not that which appeals to the cold intellect of the Porch, or even to the more excitable reasoning powers of the Forum. But that it has "caught on" need surprise no one who has watched the gigantic march of the Salvation Army.

Diskin soon received a call to Brest-Litovsk, where he became the head and centre of the important Jewish community there—all Misnagdim and pious, more or less. Nowadays Brest is an important railway junction and military garrison, but in his days it was rather "the mother city in Israel" than a commercial or political entity. The "Britzker Rav," however, soon became a well-known figure throughout the Russian and Polish Jewries, and, though his geographical connection with Britzk (the Polish name for Brest) ceased nearly half a century ago, it is as the "Britzker Rav" that he has been proudly designated and revered to an almost sacrilegious point in Jerusalem itself.

When Sir Moses Montefiore made his first pilgrimage to Jerusalem there were only two hundred and fifty Jews there. But their number rapidly increased to many thousands. And as soon as there was a Lit-

vak congregation there worthy of him, they sent for Diskin, and he became their Rabbi. His reputation was ever greater than his performance. Yet this by no means implies that he did not amply deserve his reputation for sanctity of life and Talmudical insight. But so far as I can find he never wrote a book. Steinschneider and Lippe, Zedner and Van Straalen are silent in his regard. Book-making he left to his enemies.

Out of good old-fashioned courtesy to my father's son, he had sent me by way of welcome a gift of cakes and wine. I went to thank him, and found him seated in a long fur robe, with velvet biretta trimmed with fur, whilst round and round the room, as above related, there danced the students of his Yeshibah, a curious mixture of the Howling Dervish and German University student. But the old Rabbi, with the piercing eyes, beamed at them indulgently, and beamed at me, with perhaps a little more indulgence for that I would not, or could not, join in their gyrations, or voice their melodies.

Throughout his long pilgrimage in Jerusalem, and, indeed, almost to the end, the Britzker Rav held religiously aloof from all controversial matters or the war of communal politics, only too prevalent in Jerusalem. It was his boast that he never put pen to paper nor worried about worldly things—he had come to the Holy Land to die there. His wife was, perhaps, a little less old-world in her notions. She is the most distinguished lady in Jerusalem. She can Pasken, I was told, as well as any Rav, writes Hebrew in classical style, and talks a little less classical, but quite as intelligible French.

Diskin's abstention from controversy is, I am sorry to say, quite unparalleled in Jerusalem, and speaks volumes in favor of his wisdom and good nature. Yet, even his aloofness was not quite to the end.

The Russian immigrants into Palestine had started the first of the Kolelim (literally, universities), and initiated the mischievous system of Chalukah. The stay-at-homes remained in close intercourse with their more enterprising brethren abroad, and by way of atonement for their modernity in yielding to the Czar's reforms, sent moneys, city by city, to each of the cities of the "university," and these were distributed amongst the students of Talmud and Torah. The principle is, of course, liable to abuse, but it should not be forgotten that it is the same system as supported learning and kept it alive in Paris and in Oxford, in Cordova and Padua in mediæval times.

The course of Russian persecution had not abated since Diskin had left home, and emigration had not ceased. But it had taken a new direction, and had crossed the Atlantic, and American Russians or Russian Americans had now become almost as numerous as their brothers at home in Russia, and not less charitable. American contributions to Chalukah had become very large and important, and yet by the constitution of the Kolelim could not be diverted from the cities of original origin. And so a miniature little American revolution took place in 1897 in Jerusalem, a Kolél America was formed, and the Britzker Rav consented to be nominated as its head. I fear there was a good deal of ill-feeling aroused. The nonagenarian Chief Rabbi Samuel Salant felt hurt,

and, indeed, was said to contemplate the resignation of his office.

But the Jeled's intervention, though it was probably impersonal, seems a pity. It strikes a discordant note in the harmony of a whole and peaceful life.

THE ROTHSCHILD SCHOOL IN 1888

During my stay in Jerusalem, not a day passed but I paid my friend M. Nissim Behar a visit in the large and commodious premises of the Baron Lionel de Rothschild School, which immediately adjoins the Hotel Jerusalem. Despite the comfort of my bed, I was awakened almost every morning by the sounds of activity raised by M. Behar's little—and big—scholars. Altogether Jerusalem is a very early place. Everybody is up betimes, and morning prayers—including the Duchan, which in the Holy City is an everyday institution—are always over long before seven. Everybody goes to synagogue in Jerusalem, and manages to do so without encroaching on his task-master's time. It is the greatest mistake in the world to think that our co-religionists there are idle and do no work, and that the Chalukah makes them *rentiers* and gentlemen at ease. Later on I shall take an opportunity to say something about Jewish trades and tradespeople, and also briefly explain the Chalukah system, and show that the ten francs per annum a house-father obtains under it is not so very demoralizing and pernicious after all. At present, I propose to tell about the Rothschild School, not so much because from the theoretical point of view it is the best. The German Orphan Asylum, managed by the estimable Dr. Herzberg, in this respect runs it very close. And the בתי ספר

("Book-Houses"), or Talmud Torah Schools, within the walls of Jerusalem, are also in many respects most creditable. But it is in regard to the technical instruction it imparts and its Director's practical energy that it is altogether unique. For English Jews, it has the additional interest that it was founded by Englishmen—Lord Rothschild and Samuel Montagu—and that it is mainly supported by English funds. The Anglo-Jewish Association gives it an annual subvention, and so does the *Alliance Israélite Universelle* in Paris, but, of course, the bulk of the cost is defrayed by its own Committee, the headquarters of which are at New Court.

The rather cumbrous title of the school is as follows: "Institution Israélite pour l'Instruction et le Travail: Fondation, Lionel de Rothschild," but its lengthy name has not stood in the way of its material prosperity. Recent advices from the East inform me that the school has been permitted to acquire for a hundred thousand francs the site of the hotel. Mr. Kaminitz will move nearer the Jaffa Gate, and his guests will no longer have to use the omnibus when they wish to go to the city, nor be disturbed by their industrious but noisy neighbors, nor annoyed by the familiar, though disagreeable, sound of the engine. It is hard to picture to one's self omnibuses and steam engines in Jerusalem, and yet they are prosaic realities introduced by our enterprising brethren, and important factors in the Jerusalem of to-day.

M. Behar has nearly two hundred pupils, of whom a third board at the establishment. There are nearly twice as many Sephardim as Ashkenazim. I was a little sorry to see this, although I feel sure of the

absence of any conscious favoritism. There are more Ashkenazim in Jerusalem than their bluer-blooded co-religionists, and, although they may be less desirable in some respects, I can vouch for their being quite as eager to become pupils. It was quite a sight to see how M. Behar, whenever he walked abroad, was bombarded with applications for admission to his school.

Prayers were always read by the Minyan at half-past five in the morning, and within an hour from that time the classes were all busy, and the workshops alive with the blows of the hammers, and the creaking of the saws, and the puffing of the engine. One can hardly avoid being guilty of rhapsody, when describing the effect produced upon a Western mind by the appearance of Western activity where expectation had pictured to itself Oriental indolence cultivating begging as a fine art. Even in Europe an institution like the Rothschild School would extort admiration. It is more an Academy or University than a school in the narrower sense of the word, and its pupils hail from all parts of Asia Minor and Syria, and some come even from Egypt.

LANGUAGES

The curriculum is extensive, but so far as one could judge not so wide as to prevent the instruction given from being quite as thorough as desirable. Hebrew, Arabic, and French are the languages chiefly taught, and the pupils are permitted to converse in any of these, but Jargon, whether Jüdisch-Deutsch or Judæo-Spanish, is strictly forbidden. English is also taught, and, as I understand, by the express desire of the

parents, including amongst others no less a personage than his Excellency the Pasha. English-speaking travellers still constitute the bulk of the moneyed travellers to the Holy Land, and therefore English has a practical value. But in this respect Jerusalem is certainly exceptional, for in the East—and even in Egypt—French remains the *lingua franca*. With regard to French, I can only say that I have never seen a public school boy whose accent or grammar could compare with even the youngest of M. Behar's pupils. Perhaps some persons who know may think this only faint praise after all. And as to Hebrew, I feel sure that the average European Rabbi would be put to the blush by these little scholars of Jerusalem, whose fluency and elegance of diction make us unable to realize that Hebrew is not a living language. Mathematics and the rudiments of science are not neglected, and, indeed, the only point in which higher education in Jerusalem differs from ours is that we indulge our *penchant* for Greek and Latin, and they do not. In some of the *Alliance* schools in Asia Minor, Smyrna, for instance, even this qualification does not apply, so far, at least, as Greek is concerned.

THE WORKSHOPS

The workshops were highly satisfactory. The Mechanical Engineering Department, under Mr. Price, an able young mechanician, who was sent out to Jerusalem by the Anglo-Jewish Association, looked particularly business-like. It seemed a little strange that the engine was fed by olive wood as fuel. The woodwork and carving were also interesting, the artisans showing great zeal, and seeming to glory in their

work. The tailoring and bootmaking shops were also busily employed. What most struck me, was the fact that the technical classes were not merely, as in the People's Palace for instance, for the purposes of education. They were also to a great extent self-supporting, and were largely patronized by the inhabitants of Jerusalem. Indeed, complaints were made to me by a deputation of artisans in the city that they were being undersold by the school. I investigated the matter, and found that, so far from this being the fact, the school really exacted and obtained higher than the average price for its work. I saw iron bedsteads being manufactured, wheels of carts mended, the familiar olive-wood curiosities being turned, and boots and clothes being made, all to order and for remunerative prices. With regard to the latter trades, it should be observed that they are not open to the same objections as in England. Jerusalem has practically no export trade, and its artisans must therefore supply home wants. The population is increasing, and there is already a fair field for the employment of all those who are being trained.

The classes most particularly interesting were those for drawing and sculpture—the latter recently endowed by Baron Edmond de Rothschild, whose visit to Palestine, with the Baroness, last year was epoch-making. Here one saw work which evinced a large amount of talent and creative skill—work which would not have disgraced South Kensington. Among the most artistic workers in stone were some Russian refugees, of whom there are several in the school. Two of these pupils, Berschawsky and Lemberg, I found hard at work in the city, in the Via Dolorosa, carving the corbels of the

Russian Convent buildings, which were soon to be opened by the Archdukes Paul and Sergius. It seemed grim irony of fate that the authorities of the Greek Church, despite their known anti-Semitic prejudices, should have been forced to call in the aid of the very men whom persecution had compelled to flee from the dominions of the Princes' brother, but who were the only persons in Jerusalem who could do artistic work of the character required. Happily other and more merciful counsels now prevail, and the Governors of the various Russian Provinces have received written instructions from St. Petersburg to stay their hand.

THE PUPILS

With regard to the *locale* of the School, it is essentially the right thing in the right place. On the Jaffa Road, about ten or twelve minutes' walk from the Gate, it is the first conspicuous building passed by every pilgrim to the Holy City. It is not too far from the city to prevent the young inhabitants from availing themselves of its advantages, and, so far as I could ascertain, they are never kept by distance from being either punctual or regular. Above all, it is in the centre of the new Jerusalem without the walls, which is rapidly springing up, and which relieves the pressure within. There are already about eight or nine thousand suburban inhabitants. The pupils are of various ages and various sects of religious thought, and, to my mind, nothing will serve better than this mixture to remove the bitterness of the *odium theologicum*, which is so unwelcome a feature in the Holy City. As in the great Universities of the middle ages, there are fathers of families there who think it no disgrace to join the

classes. Thus, a staid notary of Islam, before whom I had one afternoon to appear in the Serail to get him to legalize a power of attorney, I found next morning seated on the school-boy's bench learning French. Of course, the large majority—especially in the theoretical classes—are young. Among them is Osman Bey, the son of Reouf Pasha, the Governor of Palestine. His



TYPES OF JEWISH SCHOOL CHILDREN

standard of cultivation may be gauged by the fact that he plays Madame Behar's piano and is an enthusiastic collector of coins. He was delighted with the gift of a Roman sesterce I had picked up near the Step Pyramid of Sakhara. Sephardim and Ashkenazim meet on a footing of complete equality, and there are several Christian, and more Mohammedan pupils. As none of the Jews are in a position to pay, M. Behar cannot

exact payment from the non-Jews, but I believe some of the Christians have volunteered payment. Their number is, of course, relatively very small.

When in Jerusalem I was especially struck by the cordial relations now existing between the Rabbis and M. Behar, whose conduct has converted their former distrust into confidence. It is also a pleasing feature in the schools that just as they draw their material, not only from Jerusalem, but also from Hebron and the Agricultural Colonies, so their scholars, when trained, do not all remain to stagnate there, but go afield to other parts of Palestine, to Syria, and even to Egypt. The school premises are admirably adapted for their purpose, but every inch of space is occupied, and if, as I hope, provision will be made eventually for the board and lodging of some of the country pupils, the proposed extension will have become necessary.

THE ORPHAN SCHOOL AND OTHERS

The Waisenhaus, or Orphan Asylum, on the Jaffa Road, directed by Dr. Herzberg, is a most creditable institution. It is the only Jewish Boarding School in Jerusalem and is thoroughly well managed. I was sorry to miss Dr. Herzberg, who was in Europe at the time of my visit. He is a man in a thousand, as his writings testify, and one whom we must be proud to call our co-religionist. His wife is a second mother to the pupils, and they evidently love her dearly. I went there on Saturday, so did not find them at their studies, but the bedrooms were nice and airy, with whitewashed walls and ceiling, and not crowded like the dormitories of our own public schools. In general, one cannot give a very good account of the climate of Jerusalem.

But that, as I shall show later, its shortcomings are remediable appears from the fact that, except in the rainy season, the teacher, Mr. Cohen, who was trained at Jews' College (London), and therefore acclimatized in this country, manages to sleep in the open air on the leads outside one of the rooms. The pupils learn English, German, and Arabic, but no French. This seems a pity, for, although French may not be indispensable, German is quite useless.

An evening school for the young artisans of Jerusalem has just been started in Jerusalem in connection with Dr. Herzberg's school, and it is very successful.

The Blumenthal School accommodates about a hundred pupils. It is directed by Rabbi Isaac Prager, and of his pupils' Hebrew and Arabic calligraphy I carried away some lovely specimens. I can only just refer to the Sephardi and Ashkenazi Talmud Torah Schools, each with its three hundred pupils. The latter is under the supervision of the Chief Rabbi Samuel Salant, who bears his years lightly, and who struck me as particularly clever. Here I found the only trace of Pharisaism which I met in the course of my visit, and even this was of the mildest possible type. We came to a class where a boy was translating, or rather reciting a passage out of פרק חלק in the Treatise Sanhedrin. I asked him to turn over, in the famous introduction by Maimonides, to that chapter in which he deals with the various theories of the after-life. The teacher hesitated and elevated his eyebrows. I saw that he did not feel satisfied in his own mind as to the orthodoxy of the Rambam's philosophy, and, snubbed, I withdrew.

Besides these, there are many Talmud Torah and other schools for Jewish children in Jerusalem—over

eighty for boys and about twenty for girls. With the exception of the Evelina Rothschild School for girls, none of these are intended for more than forty pupils, and most have not even half that number. They are in fact like the Chedarim in Whitechapel or any other Ghetto, and it is to be feared that in most cases their instruction is limited to parrot-like reading of the Hebrew Scriptures and prayer book.

CLIMATE AND SANITATION

The awfully sudden death of the Crown Prince Rudolph of Austria will be deeply felt by our Jewish brethren in Palestine. He visited the Holy Land when only nineteen years old, and his "Journey in the East," published in 1884, bears testimony to the extreme interest he took in Jews, and the cordial goodwill he bore them. When in Jerusalem he was present at the Seder given by the late Chacham Bashi, and the ceremony made a deep impression upon him. As a memento of the hospitality he had enjoyed, he presented the venerable Rabbi with his portrait and autograph, and the picture was treasured by him as one of his dearest possessions. On board ship I met a man, now in the employ of the Austrian Consul at Beyrout, who had accompanied the Prince as *Jäger*, or body-servant, during his travels in the East. He told me many a story of his Imperial master's reverent interest in the holy places, and of his invariable good humor in difficulties and disagreeables. Although so active a sportsman, he suffered in health when in Palestine. He was struck down by fever while on his way to Nazareth, and to his great

disappointment was obliged to embark at Haifa without completing his programme.

From various causes the death-rate at Jerusalem is, to European notions, abnormally high. It is not by any means an unhealthy place for visitors, far less so, for instance, than Rome, and if they stay outside the city walls they may escape even the mosquitoes.

But the residents are great sufferers ; hardly anybody escapes fever once or twice a year ; ophthalmia is caused by the glare of the sun against the white stone walls, and the chilly mornings and evenings are accountable for a good deal of rheumatism. Even the Talmud refers to the delicate health of Jerusalemite children as notorious, and it would appear to be still worse nowadays. It is particularly painful to see the puny and wizened babies, and boys, and girls, sharp and clever but looking prematurely old. The offspring of too early marriages is always sickly, but the chief causes of the ill-health are the poorness of the water supply and absence—or rather presence—of drainage. Both defects could be remedied without much difficulty.

As to the drainage, the cesspool system could, one would think, be easily replaced by canalization. The valleys of Jehoshaphat and Hinnom ("Gehenna," the traditional limbo of the damned) are no longer so deep as they used to be in the days of yore. The numerous layers of *débris* now enable one standing in the valley to touch with an umbrella Robinson's Arch, the starting point of the famous bridge which connected the Temple with the Mount of Olives. And yet Josephus tells us that the depth was so great that no one could stand on the bridge and look down without be-

coming giddy and afraid. Still the fall from the inhabited heights to the natural moat surrounding the city is large enough to be of use for drainage purposes. The Dung Gate—the *שַׁעַר הַאֲשֵׁפֹתוֹת*—with its now blocked-up cloaca, leading to the altar in the Temple courtyard, is sufficiently near to show that such methods of sanitation were not unknown to King Solomon three thousand years ago, and the Turks have much to do to make up for the ground they have lost since then.

UNDERGROUND JERUSALEM

To my mind the most wonderful object in Palestine is underground Jerusalem. This is formed by the royal quarries cut in the solid sandstone rock, whence Solomon obtained the massive stones of his Temple, and whence the material was brought with which a new Jerusalem was built fourteen separate times. They are of huge extent, and form a network of long and wide but intricate galleries with which the rock is honeycombed. The labyrinth is entered by a narrow passage near the Damascus Gate. Formerly it was left open to anybody who chose to enter, and the maze to which it led was inhabited by gipsies—even in Jerusalem there are gipsies—and other vagabonds. Jerusalem is a garrison city, and the military element there, as elsewhere, often gets into mischief. Many a disreputable scene was enacted underground, while official negligence shrugged its shoulders and let it pass. But even Turkish indifferentism was moved from its accustomed equanimity when dynamite was discovered under the Serail. The danger of a real blowing up, by European methods, was more potent

than the reproach of Europeans, and the Augean stable was straightway cleansed and emptied. It has been empty ever since, the entrance is always barred and locked, and the keys are forthcoming only in exchange for *bakhshish*.

There were five of us who entered, each with a burning candle, and in solemn silence we followed our guide as he led us down a slippery incline, far away to beneath the very site of the Temple. The transition from the noise and the glare and the dust outside was very impressive. No catacombs could appear so much a city of the dead as these immense quarries which undermine all Jerusalem. One could trace the marks of pick-axes on the rocks all around, and gradually realize what an immense amount of labor was involved in thus hollowing out Mount Zion and the other sacred hills. Here at last one could think and live through our history once again. In Jerusalem itself one is too much distracted by the importunities of dragomans and the innumerable sights to be seen. And even here our day-dreams were soon rudely broken. All at once our guide discovered that he had lost his way, and we had to blow out all our candles but one, so as to economize our light in case we might have to spend many hours before finding our way out. Luckily even this adventure ended in a commonplace manner, and the sound of trickling water put us on the right track once more. We found large ponds of water, like the subterranean lakes in a salt mine, only the water was not briny, but fresh and sweet. Evidently it is here that one should seek for the springs that supplied Jerusalem in its halcyon days, and fed the famous pool of Siloam. Even now,

there is an endless quantity of water in underground Jerusalem, and it would cost but a small sum, thirty thousand pounds or so, to make a permanent water supply. Some years ago Lady Burdett-Coutts offered to defray the cost out of her own pocket, but political motives, or possibly carelessness, induced the Turks to decline her noble offer. However, the present Pasha told us that should such an offer be repeated under his *régime*, he would gratefully accept it.²

HOSPITALS

However easy it may be to improve the health conditions of Jerusalem, its unhealthiness is the unfortunate fact of to-day. Hence the number of its hospitals. There are no less than eleven, besides four dispensaries. Of these, the largest is the Russian hospital, with seventy-five beds.

Practically, each nation and, indeed, denomination has a hospital of its own—English, American, Greek, German, and so on. The Leper's Home of the Herrnhuter Brethren, with twenty-three beds, is a gruesome link with the past. But we Jews are particularly interested in four³ institutions: the new Rothschild Hospital *extra muros*; the Bikkur Cholim (בִּקּוּר חוֹלִים)

² The late Sir Edward Lechmere subsequently obtained an *iradé* from the Sultan authorizing the establishment of water works, and formed a committee, of which the writer was one of the members, but through local opposition the scheme came to naught.

³ Since this was written, a handsome building has been erected by subscription, chiefly of Amsterdam and Frankfort Jews, at the extreme west of the Jaffa suburb. This is the fifth and largest of the Jewish hospitals at Jerusalem.

Hospital of the Ashkenazim; the Misgab Ladach (משגב לרח) of the Sephardim; and the English Mission Hospital for the Jews. The new hospital, about ten minutes' walk outside the Jaffa Gate, is a really beautiful building, fitted with all modern improvements. It stands in the best situation for air, drainage, and water that could be found within an hour's radius of Jerusalem. It is surrounded by an open space of about twelve acres, which is partly to be planted with Eucalyptus trees, and partly to be converted into a fruit and flower garden. To English ideas, the cost of erection, sixty-eight thousand francs, seems ridiculously small. The land was bought about six years ago for thirty thousand francs, but it has, since then, much increased in value. In fact, since the building has been finished, the French Consul, who was the original vendor of the land, in vain offered to buy it back again for one hundred and forty-eight thousand francs. It has space for fifty-two beds, or even more. Every regard seems to have been taken about Kashruth, and the Shool with its three fine Scrolls would be a credit to the most orthodox. All the registers, patients' cards, prescriptions, labels, etc., are printed in Hebrew. It is entirely supported by the munificence of the Rothschild family, and Baron Alphonse has given particular instructions that it is to be conducted quite *selon les règles* of the Shulchan Aruch.

DOCTOR D'ARBELA

The managing physician is Dr. Israel Gregory d'Arbela, who is a veritable Jewish hero of romance. He was born in Russia, studied in the Imperial Military Medical School of St. Petersburg, and afterwards

at the University of Rome, of which he is an M. D. During his seven years' military service he was wounded on the battlefield, and is one of the few Russian Jews decorated by the Czar for personal gallantry. He spent a short time at Cairo, where the Khedive made him a Bey; has been in India, and in Natal, where he practiced as a physician for a year. For seven years, from 1880, he lived in Zanzibar, with the rank of a general, surgeon-major of the Sultan's army, and his private physician. In that capacity he was able to do much for the advancement of civilization, and rendered good service to British interests, as Sir John Kirk has testified. He vaccinated all the dusky members of Stanley's following when that adventurous traveller started on his last journey into the interior of Africa, and was the last European to bid him farewell. The great explorer confided to him that he had other objects in view, besides that of relieving Emin Bey. Accordingly, in October, 1888, the doctor could assure me that Stanley was safe, when everybody else gave him up for lost. D'Arbela has seven or eight decorations from various European sovereigns, and his inlaid guns and diamond hilted sword are a sight to see. He is a man of means, and the primary object which prompted him to settle in the Holy Land was his desire to assist in the *שוב ארץ ישראל*, and to give his dear little girl and boy a Jewish education. His dark bright-eyed little daughter is sweetly pretty, and speaks English with charming shyness. She is only seven, but has already made a conquest! The doctor takes much interest in his agricultural colonies, and has a considerable pecuniary stake in them. He owns half-

a-million vines in the Rishon colony, and has a profound belief in its future. A brother of his is an artillery engineer in the Russian army; but rather than continue in the service and give up Judaism, as the authorities require him to do, he is going out to Palestine, and will manage his brother's vineyard. Dr. d'Arbela may not be scrupulously observant, according to Jewish notions, but he never eats Trefa, nor smokes on Sabbath. He is a handsome, active man, and though he mourns for the wife he has lost, he is too much of an idealist or an enthusiast to be anything but the most agreeable and refreshing of companions.

It is no doubt, in some respects, a disadvantage that the new Rothschild Hospital is not inside the town, as the old one was. The bulk of the community lives, of course, within the walls, but there are already three thousand Jews or more who live outside, within five minutes' walk of the hospital, and there is every prospect that any future increase in the Jewish community will be precisely in this neighborhood. Indeed, the special object of my journey was to arrange for the development, by building societies, of the Montefiore estate, which is in the immediate vicinity of the hospital. The plan, if successfully carried out, will lead to the provision of dwellings for a thousand more of our co-religionists. On the whole, except for very serious cases, there will be no difficulty in bringing patients from the very furthest part of the town to this new suburban site. In the palmiest days of its history, it was never more than twenty-five minutes' walk from end to end of Jerusalem, so that the objections to an institution outside the city walls must not be exaggerated.

THE MISSIONARIES

The Missionary Hospital, which accommodates twenty-eight indoor patients, is inside the city, and its object, ever since 1842, when it was established, is, admittedly, to attract Jews, and Jews only, and to seduce, if not coerce, them into Christianity. As Jews, we have the duty to do all in our power to combat the insidious influence of the missionaries, and so the hospital accommodation we should be ready to provide should equal the demand, without regard to the Rothschild Hospital outside the city. Now, the only existing provision is that furnished by the Bikkur Cholim, which has thirty beds, and to which an upper story has just been added by the liberality of one Mr. Wittenberg, a resident in Jerusalem. This is not enough, if we have regard to the fact that hospital cases are drafted to Jerusalem from Hebron, Nablous, Safed, and Tiberias. Those from the Colonies, whose Jewish population is now close upon four thousand, and those from Jaffa with its fifteen hundred Jews, will probably go to the new hospital.

The only available city site for a new hospital is that of the old Rothschild Hospital, and this has been recently sold to the Sephardi community for twenty thousand francs, a third part of its value, on condition that it should be applied only for the communal benefit. The intention is to erect on it a hospital for the Sephardi Friendly Society, called Misgab Ladach, and manage it on the same lines as the Bikkur Cholim, the sister institution for the Ashkenazim. The Sephardim scraped together ten thousand francs among themselves, and have sought a loan of the rest from the Sir Moses Montefiore Testimonial Committee. Mean-

time the banker, Signor Valero, has advanced the money. Now, there is a fund amounting to about nine thousand pounds collected by our co-religionists in Frankfort and Amsterdam for the express object of founding and endowing a hospital in Jerusalem. They acquired a piece of land, but, as they could not obtain the Pasha's concession to build a hospital on it, they had to sell the ground they had bought.⁴ It would, therefore, be eminently desirable if they would apply the funds in enlarging, improving, and Europeanizing the Bikkur Cholim and the Misgab Ladach. They would thus be enabled to supply the existing want, without multiplying institutions or wasting the expenses of a new installation. On my way home to England, I attended a meeting of the committee at Frankfort, and advocated this view. Our Dutch and German co-religionists are very practical, and I was confident that the commonsense view of the matter would appeal to them, even though it might involve some small sacrifice of effect.

Competent persons think the site of the old Rothschild Hospital as suitable as any inside Jerusalem. It overlooks the "Dome of the Rock" and the Harâ-mesh Sherif generally, as well as the Mount of Olives, and is on the edge of the cliff overhanging the Brook of Kedron at the height of at least two hundred feet. The situation is a grand one, but certainly not so healthy as one outside the gates. At present it is a building of only one story; but it has splendid tanks and good water, which did not run dry even during this last year of drought; but occasionally the purchase

⁴ The hospital has since been erected on an admirable site at the west end of the Jaffa Road.

of water might become necessary. Like all Jerusalem houses, it is built of stone, and has a dome-shaped roof. Indeed, the countless little domes which stud the city give it a curiously characteristic appearance—something like a collection of white bee-hives or hen-coops. A few houses have flat roofs; but even they conceal a cupola, so that the vaulted rooms are always cool, even in the height of summer. The rooms vary in height, and are arranged without much regard to uniformity; the passages are always exposed to the open air, so that in the rainy season—and in November and December last there seems to have been an abnormal amount of rain—living is rather uncomfortable. However, such as it is, the place after being closed for about seven weeks—when the removal to the Jaffa Road was made—was re-opened on Wednesday, the 27th of Tishri, 1888, by the Misgab Ladach, and the Society was good enough to invite me to attend the inauguration. The invitation was printed on a neat little white card and, of course, in Hebrew. The hour fixed was nine o'clock, but as time is a variable quantity in Jerusalem, it was a matter of some little calculation to make out that this corresponded to about two in the afternoon.

CLOCKS

It is not a little puzzling to find the clocks striking all hours at all times in Jerusalem, so that in that city something like Jules Verne's famous solecism of Big Ben striking twenty minutes to seven could easily be realized. Every ecclesiastical building possesses its own clock, and not only do they not "go just alike," but they all differ widely and wilfully, so that it seems

that clerical disputes are allowed to affect the chronology of every day. I always made my appointments by Frankish time, but an hour's margin was invariably necessary! A couple of American timekeepers bestowed upon Mr. Kaminitz's bright and obliging sons and henchmen, Bezaleel and Marcus, will, perhaps, do a little to punctualize their environment. This is not meant to imply that at their own home and hotel their father, or rather their mother, kept the guests waiting for lunch at one, or dinner at seven. *Au contraire*, the best clock seems to be that we carry within us, and judging by the impartial evidence of the stomach, we can vouch for their punctuality. Our *table d'hôte* was always good and plentiful, and it was not without something of a "rush" that I managed to get to the Misgab Ladach gathering in time for the ceremony.

A MEETING

The meeting provided further proof of the cordial relations subsisting between the Ashkenazim and the Sephardim, which were as conspicuous as gratifying. The venerable and handsome Chacham Bashi Panizel, the "First in Zion," as he is called, was there, with his delegate,⁵ Har Behar Eliashar, and next to them sat the Reverend Samuel Salant, Chief Rabbi of the Ashkenazim. Many of the physicians of the city were present, and the lay element was represented by Messrs. Valero, Behar, Pines, and others. The proceedings consisted of a long address in classical Hebrew delivered by Mr. Menahem Cohen, the Treasurer of the Society, and various complimentary speeches, as the custom is on such occasions all the world over.

⁵ And afterwards his successor.

The morning's mail had brought *The Jewish Chronicle*, announcing that Major Goldsmid had obtained his "step." The gallant Colonel is a great favorite in Jerusalem, and it was quite charming to see the Chacham Bashi's face light up as I explained to him that the promotion was equivalent to the conversion of a Bey into a Pasha!

TOMBS

Until one goes to the Holy Land, one cannot realize how numerous are the objects which demand attention. The first impression of the smallness of the country soon wears off when one begins to understand how rich it is in association. To the Jew this is specially noticeable. For myself, I frankly admit that the specifically Christological monuments had comparatively little interest; not that, as a rule, I care for them less, but because I care for our own, our very own, antiquities more. Every inch of the sacred soil is so bound up with our history during and after Bible times, that like the literary ignoramus who found fault with "Hamlet" because it was so full of quotations, I could hardly help thinking the crowding of "effects," the *toujours perdrix* of sightseeing, quite theatrical. I despair of giving an impression at all accurate of the things seen and to be seen. Take, for instance, the case of sepulchral monuments. We all know that, throughout our history, we Jews have deemed it a high privilege to be buried in the Holy Land, and therefore it is not surprising that Palestine in general, and the God's-acre at the foot of the Mount of Olives in particular, form a veritable Pantheon of Jewish worthies. As I write, I have before me a catalogue of not less than

two hundred and ninety patriarchs, prophets, and rabbis whose tombs have been identified, and the anniversaries of whose death are celebrated to this day by our co-religionists, who dwell on this the largest *campo santo* in the world. The list is confessedly incomplete, and yet I can only refer to two or three of them, and to those but slightly.

KING DAVID'S SEPULCHRE

Of Jewish sepulchres at Jerusalem, that of King David is, of course, of chief interest to everybody, although from the architectural view it is absolutely featureless. It lies to the southwest of Mount Zion, about eight minutes' walk outside the Bethlehem Gate. A small mosque and two or three white-domed Mohammedan buildings cover the site, and constitute a little village called the Neby Dâúb. For half a piastre, if one is a native, for five piastres, if a tourist, one can enter a room on the first floor in which a sarcophagus is shown. This the custodians assert to be the veritable coffin of the Warrior King, and it is, indeed, covered with costly carpets and countless little rags, deposited there by devout Moslem pilgrims. They always thus honor the tombs of their saints, and leave a shred of their clothing, as a European might leave a visiting card, to remind the holy defunct to intercede for them in Heaven. The Mohammedans of Jerusalem will not see the absurdity of expecting travellers to believe that the King can be buried on an upper story, but the Pasha knows very well that the real tomb is in the vault beneath, cut in the solid rock. Admission to this vault is absolutely forbidden; it is regarded

as even more sacred than the Cave of Machpelah, and when the Austrian Crown Prince received a personal firman from the Sultan authorizing him to enter; he had to unlock the gates himself, and even the Pasha, albeit a Governor of the land, with power of life and death, dared not accompany him, because his name was not included in the Imperial warrant.

CATACOMBS

The catacombs, which the guide books call the "Tombs of the Kings," are really the burial places of Calba Sabbua and his family. Readers of Dr. Richardson's "Son of a Star" will recognize in this man the almost princely father-in-law of Rabbi Akiba. The tombs consist of three square rock chambers with shelves all round, on which traces of richly carved sarcophagi still remain. They lie about five minutes to the north of the Jaffa Road, near what the Arabs are pleased to call the "Tower of Goliath" (Kalât Jâlûd). The whole terrain was purchased by our co-religionist, Madame Pereire, in 1867, and by her presented to the Empire of France, as the Hebrew inscription on the southeast (the largest) chamber testifies. A good many authorities insist, but I think without sufficient reason, that this is the place of burial of Helena, Queen of Adiabene, whose conversion to Judaism, with her son and successor, in 48, constitutes one of the most charming episodes in the romance of Jewish history. During the excavations made in 1867, and again in 1880, several bones were disturbed, and these were, on each occasion, reverently collected and buried by our people with much pomp. I refer to only one other of these "stones crying

out," and then pass—reluctantly—to the Jerusalem of to-day. The Cave of Jeremiah is another of those places where the consensus of opinion of Jews, Christians, and Mohammedans, who, despite the independence of their several traditions, concur in treating them as sacred, gives powerful evidence of the truth of revealed religion. Near the mouth of the cavern bloom some of the few fruit trees which are left to remind one of the fertility of the Jerusalem of the past.

The place itself I can allow the traveller Henry Maundrell to describe in his own words, the more so as the quotation contains the only reference to Jews the worthy chaplain makes in his whole description of the "Journey from Aleppo to Jerusalem," which he undertook in 1696. He calls it "a large grot a little without Damascus Gate, which is said to have been the residence of Jeremiah, and here they showed us the Prophet's Bed, being a shelve on the Rock about eight foot from the ground, and near it is the place where they say he wrote his Lamentations. This place is now a college of Dervises, and is much honored by Turks and Jews."

DERVISHES

The Turks, for all their laziness and sensuality, are distinguished by the profound respect they pay to religion, by their dignified demeanor, and by their temperance. With regard to religious matters, I was particularly struck by the solemnity of the Howling Dervishes, despite the grotesqueness of their performance. In Mohammedan countries the priestly office is not confined to a caste, and any tradesman may become a

Dervish on high days and festivals without detriment to either his weekday business or reputation. Abunaji, though Sheikh of the great Mosque of Omar, is none the less a shrewd merchant of Jerusalem. He sends his son to the school of Nissim Behar, to whom both he and his son are much attached. On Friday, the 28th September, 1888, the lad persuaded his father to have the howling "Zikr" at home and not in the Mosque, so that we and other Giaours might witness it. To my intense astonishment no objection was made to this, and we were able to see the mystic circling and hear the monotonous ejaculations of Allah! Allah! from the vantage point of the roof of an outhouse, while the Dervishes occupied the courts below. The ceremony differed from that of either the "howling" or "dancing" at Constantinople and Cairo, but its wild, weird movements have been too often described to require repetition. What most struck me was the "prentice" system by which quite little boys were permitted to join the circle and imitate their elders, and the *sang-froid* with which Dr. d'Arbela watched the epileptic stupor of a tall Nubian, who had been particularly energetic in his zeal and in whom I recognized the porter of the Rothschild School. The comic side of the matter was even more pronounced than in the case of the Chassidish dancers, but though one may have smiled, laughter is not tabooed in Jerusalem, and the irresistible humor of the situation did not and does not prevent one from appreciating the pathos of their devotion and admiring their sincerity.

SYNAGOGUES

Of the synagogues, reference has already been made to the large Sephardi synagogue, קהל ציון, built so long ago as 1556, and the בית יעקב, the Great Shool of the Ashkenazim, built just twenty-five years ago. Larger than either of these is the Chassidim synagogue, תפארת ישראל, built in memory of Rabbi Israel of Rosen and Rabbi Nissim Bak. The Syrians, the Caucasians (גרועים from "Gruria" or "Georgia"), the Thessalonicans, and so on, have each their own place of worship, so that reckoning the Houses of Study (בתי מדרש) there are over sixty synagogues in the Holy City. One of the most curious is the tiny little synagogue in the Karaite quarter, in which one is credibly informed that they never have Minyan. About three families live here and provide for all the Karaite pilgrims, of whom many come from Egypt and the Crimea in the course of the year. The names of several hundred such pilgrims are written, "for a memorial," on the white walls of the little square, or *cul-de-sac*, round which the little Karaite houses are built. I also saw rudely painted on the wall what was less pleasing, the open red hand with which the superstitious Oriental wards off the "evil eye." Manasseh ben Israel has a curious explanation of the origin of this, anything but Jewish, symbol, which belongs to the mysteries of folklore. The Karaite inhabitants seem to think that they are under a curse in Jerusalem, and that their numbers will never comprise ten men. They are shunned by the other Jews. Their synagogue is at least two hundred years old.

THE CHALUKAH SYSTEM

And now a word as to the famous Chalukah system. All moneys which are sent to Jerusalem by the benevolent for general objects are paid by the Rabbis and Treasurers into two common funds, one for the Sephardim and one for the Ashkenazim. The Sephardi theory is that contributions are sent by way of bursaries, as a premium upon learning, and the money is distributed on this basis, and even well-to-do persons accept it lest a slur might be deemed to be cast upon their wisdom. I know of only two exceptions, and one of these used to be like the rest, till his European friends shamed him out of it. No one but the Talmid Chacham is supposed to be entitled to a share in the Chalukah, but a proportion of the fund is set apart for communal purposes and schools. The fund is regarded very much like a university endowment in England. Such a fellowship is obtained by election and by intellectual qualifications, not of a very exhaustive or exhausting kind, perhaps, but certainly not inferior to the composition of Greek and Latin verses or the solution of mathematical puzzles, which used to be the only "open-sesame" at Oxford or Cambridge, and are still the English high roads to advancement in life, social or political.

The Ashkenazim, however, retain the theory that the Chalukah is intended as a subvention for the poor, but the practical difference between the two views is not very great. Most people are scholars in Jerusalem, but certainly all are poor, and in this respect the analogy of the mediæval university still applies. As I said before, all contributions are ear-marked according to

their place of origin, and divided among the fellow-countrymen of the contributors. For this purpose the Ashkenazim are divided into eight Kolemim, or "classes" (literally, universities). Each member of the כולל הו"ד (Holland und Deutschland), for instance, receives two hundred and fifty francs per annum, but these are so well paid only because they are so few that they can be counted with the fingers. The Hungarians get one hundred and fifty francs; while the men of Warsaw get forty, and those of Pinsk no more than seven francs a year. But however small the income thus obtained may be, there is a certain amount of regularity about it, which makes it especially appreciated. Unfortunately, it is just this element of regularity that enables the recipients to hypothecate or alienate it in advance and thus deprive themselves of all practical benefit therefrom as an aid to their maintenance. Rents in Jerusalem are not high, five or six Napoleons per annum for the average-sized house, but they have always to be paid in advance, and to provide this the Chalukah is often sold three or four years in advance. The system is, of course, pernicious, but it is gradually dying a natural death, and the amount of this unearned increment becomes more and more insignificant every year. Many reasons combine to bring this about. The number of the recipients increases very largely, and the amount of the contributions has decreased in even greater proportions, partly owing to Russian troubles and partly to the specialization of gifts for particular objects, such as schools and hospitals. It would be cruel and injudicious to stop the Chalukah suddenly, and therefore the new Society, called "Lemaan Zion," though started under high auspices in Germany, is not

likely to succeed in its abolition, and the storm of protest it has raised in Jerusalem is really neither surprising nor unjustifiable.

JEWISH ARTISANS

There are a goodly number of Jewish trades in Jerusalem, as can perhaps be best evidenced by the medical statistics with respect to the out-door patients of the Rothschild Hospital for the year 1886. In a list of one hundred and sixty-five patients, thirty-four distinct trades are represented: bakers, bookbinders, braziers, clerks, cobblers, cooks, colporteurs, day-laborers, dyers, goldsmiths, hatters, joiners, lithographers, locksmiths, mattress-makers, merchants, millers, nurses, printers, polishers, sculptors, tailors, tinkers, turners, tanners, watchmakers, and so on.

Of course, there are many unemployed. Some can't find work and others are too old. The longevity of some of the inhabitants is surprising. Many persons, mostly from Russia and Roumania, stint themselves all their lives, so as to scrape together a little money to take them in their old age to Palestine, and support them till they die there. Several instances were pointed out to me of feeble veterans who had reached the Holy City seemingly at death's door. The change of climate and mode of life, perhaps their spiritual exaltation, had made them hale and hearty and almost young again.

THE ENVIRONS OF JERUSALEM

The Tomb of Rachel — Pilgrims — Reouf Pasha — Prayers
at Rachel's Tomb — Bethlehem — The Cave of Adullam —
Artâs.

THE TOMB OF RACHEL

RACHEL'S Tomb is probably one of the most genuine of the many places of historical note near Jerusalem. Yet even its authenticity has been disputed. Many a modern critic, being a *Geist der stets verneint*, thinks that Rachel was buried to the north of Jerusalem, and not to the south, on the right of the road to Bethlehem. In this, he is merely repeating a Talmudical controversy between the Minim, or early Christians, and the Jews. Such scepticism, however, is like its own vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself, and falls upon the other. The weight of authority is in favor of tradition this time, and even Robinson accepts the traditional tomb as the genuine one. Throughout historical times, Jew, Christian, and Saracen have revered the spot as sacred to the memory of their common mother, the most womanly and the most tender of all the Bible characters. The only practical difficulty which makes against the identification of this locality is the passage in I Samuel x. 2, where the Prophet tells Saul, his future king, that he will "find two men by Rachel's sepulchre in the border of Benjamin at Zelzah." It has been urged, and is no doubt true, that the boundary between the territories of Judah and Benjamin could not have passed this way.

The difficulty, however, has been satisfactorily solved by Baurath Schick, the clever German architect, whose wonderful model of the Temple makes his house near the new Rothschild Hospital, just outside the Jaffa Gate, one of the show places of Jerusalem. Herr Schick lectured on the subject before the local "German Society," in October, 1878, and his paper is printed in the first (the 1881) volume of Luncz's valuable Jerusalem Annual. Mr. Luncz is himself one of the most interesting and praiseworthy of the Jewish residents of Palestine—one of those men who forbid us to despair of the future progress and improvement of our brethren there. He is totally blind, but his energy is inexhaustible, his temper unsoured, and his literary work of considerable merit. In all probability, there were two monuments bearing Rachel's name. The real one was in Judah, and is that which I am now describing. The other was a cenotaph, like Absalom's Tomb. It is, of course, identical with the pillar in the "king's dale" (i. e., the Valley of Jehoshaphat), which he reared up for himself in his lifetime; for, he said, "I have no son to keep my name in remembrance: and he called the pillar after his own name: and it is called unto this day Absalom's place." Rachel's cenotaph was, probably, a monument erected by the Benjamites in memory of their ancestress, upon their own land, near the border, and on a spot whence the real sepulchre could be seen. Anyhow, nowadays it is only the latter which is known and venerated. Pilgrims of all creeds hold it in esteem, but it is most patronized by our co-religionists.



[See page 130]

OLD PEOPLE'S REST AT JERUSALEM

PILGRIMS

Jews, I am sorry to say, do not constitute even a fifteenth part of the seven or eight thousand "Hadjis" who annually visit the Holy City; and of the five hundred or so who do go there, I, as an Ashkenazi, am sorry to say that the very large majority are Sephardim. Curiously enough, a great proportion come from the Caucasus; and, indeed, this only strengthens the sense of Russian propaganda, the leading political impression, which forces itself upon every traveller in the Sultan's dominions. More than a fourth of the total number of pilgrims to Palestine are Russian. The Orthodox Church wishes to make Jerusalem the Rome of Greek Catholicism, and its Patriarch, the dignified Jerotheus, its Pope. Every acre of land in the market seems to be bought by Russian gold. Almost all the new buildings of note are Russian, even to the unsightly bell-tower on the Mount of Olives, which dominates and deafens Jerusalem, and can be seen from the distant, desolate, depressed, and depressing shores of the Dead Sea. Russian interest or interference in the holy places could not be better exemplified than by the visit of the Imperial Archdukes whose arrival was being expected during my stay in Palestine. In their honor and for their comfort, all was bustle and confusion. It is no figure of speech to say that their path was smoothed for them. The Jaffa Road was made passable, and a new carriage road to Hebron was finished actually before the contract time, so as to be ready for their royal progress. The late Baron de Hirsch was profoundly impressed by the belief that Palestine was

destined to fall into the hands of Russia. And it was this, and this alone, as he himself assured me, that led him to fix upon Argentina, rather than the Holy Land, as the scene of his great experiment in Jewish agriculture.

REOUF PASHA

The real credit for the great development of engineering activity, which is making Palestine easy and delightful to travel in, is due to the enlightened policy of the Governor of Palestine, Reouf Pasha. His Excellency, to whom I had a letter of introduction from a personal friend, who was a fellow-student of his in Paris, received me most amiably on the half-a-dozen occasions or so on which I interviewed him. He is a tall man with a long gray beard, and, despite his thoughtful, almost dreamy eyes, his military bearing is unmistakable. He speaks French almost as well as Turkish, better, indeed, than Arabic, for in Government circles Turkish is the official language. He is a very zealous Mussulman, perhaps even a little bigoted, and his strength of will is such that, where questions of religious principle are concerned, he has actually, and with success, braved the displeasure of the Grand Vizier at Constantinople, and disregarded the firman of his Imperial master. Rather more friendly to Jews than to Christians, he yet regards our presence in the Holy Land as a danger to the State, for, like all devout Moslems, he firmly believes in our political restoration to the land of our forefathers, and personally fears that such restoration will take place within the near future. The result is that he has placed, and continues to place, obstacles in the way of the growth of colonies there.

He has actually forbidden the roofing in and completion of a synagogue which was being built in "Rishon le-Zion" for the members of that colony. Still he is just and friendly, and has the greatest confidence in and esteem for M. Nissim Behar, who is, I should say, the most influential person in Jerusalem, and deservedly so. The Pasha only on one occasion received me in Oriental dress, and then apologized for not being in European garb. I am afraid I trespassed somewhat on his good nature; the legal business on which I had to see him was troublesome and difficult, but he was uniformly gracious. Still, his business face was much more sombre than that he wore in general conversation, and it was quite a pleasure to see his features light up when I complimented him on his ædileship. I did this in all sincerity; and, indeed, so far as roadmaking is concerned, he is a genuine old Roman. He is projecting roads from Jerusalem to Jericho, and Jaffa to Gaza, and so on. The engineer is a M. Franchetti, a Greek, who is well disposed to our community, and highly cultured. The lines of deviation of the former road were planned to pass through the Jewish cemetery, in the Valley of Jehoshaphat; and, while I was there, the heads of the community were in some consternation about it, particularly as the proposed track was already staked out. The objection to this desecration of the "House of Life" was pointed out to the Pasha and his engineer, and they both readily modified their original plan, and a slightly more devious path will be adopted rather than offend our susceptibilities. The carriage road to Hebron is what the Pasha is proudest of, and, as the road passes Rachel's Tomb, I hope I may be pardoned

for this long digression, and permitted to return to the Tomb.

PRAYERS AT RACHEL'S TOMB

A visit to the Tomb is the commonest of all excursions from Jerusalem, as it is the easiest. It was barely a two hours' ride from there, and now that the road has been made so good it is even less. Most of our Jerusalemite brethren visit it on the eleventh of Marcheshvan, the alleged anniversary of Rachel's death. There is, I am told, no authority for this date, except the *Jalkut Shimeoni* of the twelfth century or thereabout. This, the earliest collection of the *Midrashim* then extant, states that Benjamin was born on that day, but Rabbi Simeon does not tell us the source from which he derived this information. However, the date is not questioned by our co-religionists, and they go on that day to pray at the grave of our ancestress. Unfortunately, they are not all free from superstition, and occasionally some poor fool, more credulous than his neighbors, writes a petition, begging her to intercede with the Almighty and give him his heart's desire. This extraordinary document the writer crams into the interstices of the thick stone walls with a long stick. I have heard of a case in which one of such petitions fell into the hands of a young English traveller. He fished it out with his umbrella, and now treasures it as a curiosity and a charm. Unfortunately, the sentiments of malice and ill-feeling expressed on that particular petition do credit to its author's qualities neither of heart nor of mind. As to the shape of the building, I need say nothing; most of my readers are perfectly familiar with it. It

is like any other of the numerous Moslem Welies—white, cubical in form, and covered with a dome—which testify to the number of Mohammedan saints who must once have infested the country. The Mausoleum next the Ramsgate Synagogue, in which Sir Moses and Lady Montefiore lie buried, is an exact replica of Rachel's Tomb. The original sepulchre had been much dismantled, but was restored by Sir Moses during one of the earliest of his seven pilgrimages to the East. It is now the property of the Jewish community at Jerusalem, and the keys are held by an official of theirs—the worthy Rabbi Benjamin—who lives in one of the houses of the “Meah Shearim.”

The white sarcophagus inside the sepulchre is comparatively new, and this and the numerous memorial tablets and Hebrew names of devotees written on the walls give it, internally, a most characteristic appearance. One of these tablets is not without a melancholy interest for the Jewish communities of Great Britain. It was placed there by Dr. Asher, whom we were all so proud to call our friend.¹ He told me how, when he and Samuel Montagu visited it, they were struck and annoyed by the numberless names of little great men who had sought to obtain a cheap immortality by inscribing their names on the stone walls. It was recorded how this community had contributed so much for the purchase of the ground; and that man had done this, and the other that. It is only too obvious that mutual admiration is a plant which thrives on tropical soil equally as well as, and

¹ Dr. A. Asher died in January, 1889. He was a founder and the first secretary of the United Synagogue, London.

perhaps better than, in temperate England itself. What most astonished Dr. Asher was the total absence of any reference to Rachel herself. Her name was nowhere mentioned, although all was but in her honor. Accordingly he had a marble tablet erected and engraved with a Hebrew inscription, of which the following is a translation:—

“A voice was heard in Ramah, lamentation, and bitter weeping; Rachel weeping for her children refuseth to be comforted for her children, because they are not.

“Thus saith the Lord: Refrain thy voice from weeping, and thine eyes from tears; for thy work shall be rewarded, saith the Lord; and they shall come again from the land of the enemy.”

“This stone was set up by one of Rachel’s children, who hath come from a distant land.”

The anonymity of the inscription is one of those silent life-lessons which its author was always giving us. His love for the Holy Land was ever ardent, and if at times he had to combat abuses, and be himself abused, he always spoke and wrote in a kindly spirit, and in the hope of affecting an improvement in the condition of our brethren there. He himself has now, alas, gone to another Distant Land; but he lived long enough to see much of his hope realized, and realized to a great extent through his own outspoken home-truths. We shall not look upon his like again. May his work also be rewarded!

BETHLEHEM

About four o’clock on Monday morning, the 1st October, 1888, we started for Hebron. The expedition

was to cost me forty francs, but then I travelled in grand style. There are wagons which ply daily on the new carriage road between Jerusalem and Hebron, and the fare—for natives—is only three francs a head. My dragoman had a lovely Arab horse, whose gentle amble and easy canter were very much preferable to the jolts and shakes of the carriage and three provided by mine host, the excellent Mr. Kaminitz. Everybody knows De Quincey's story of the Emperor of China who, finding the box of the state carriage presented to him by the English Ambassador infinitely more gorgeous than the sober velvet inside, thought that box his place, and made his coachman sit within and drive by means of jury reins passed through the front windows. The result was a somewhat unsteady progress, which led his Imperial Majesty to think driving a failure, and so he dedicated England's gift to the gods, and the chariot is still to be seen among the treasures of some temple at Peking. The hint was not lost on me, and when, on my solitary rambles on the Continent, I had occasion to charter a pair-horse Droschke to take me the round of the palaces of Potsdam, not having any guide with me, I thought the best thing I could do was to sit beside my coachman and leave the body of the coach untenanted. He thought me mad, but to be thought mad is John Bull's privilege abroad. So, too, on this occasion my dread of such an impression being confirmed in Palestine did not deter me from changing places with my own dragoman, and acting as his equerry. We said the morning prayer at Rachel's Tomb as the sun rose, then made a hasty meal, and proceeded on our way. After riding about half an hour we departed from the

road and diverged to the left toward Bethlehem. Despite the earliness of the hour we found the famous city full of busy Bedouins and peasants, for it is the market town of the neighborhood for miles around. The population is almost exclusively Christian, and the inhabitants are distinguished by their good looks and rather Greek features. No doubt, there is a large admixture of Crusaders' blood in their veins. In 1831 the Moslems were expelled from the town, and they have never since returned in any numbers. With the exception of one man, there is absolutely no Jew residing there. The exception is, curiously enough, the doctor. The whole town has the most perfect confidence in and liking for him, but even he always spends Friday to Sunday in Jerusalem, with his wife and family. Of the Church of St. Mary, and the Chapel of the Nativity, and the other sights of Bethlehem, I do not propose to say anything. The Greeks, Latins, and Armenians there are always quarrelling about their holy sites, and however silly their strife may seem to us, we must not forget that, even in our own times, the second biggest war of the century—the Crimean—was directly occasioned by a similar dispute about the Church of the Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem.

THE CAVE OF ADULLAM

At nine o'clock we left Bethlehem. My dragoman and the rest of the party returned to the carriage and drove comfortably to Hebron, which they reached in three hours. I had a good map with me, and determined to pick my way across country, past the marble ruins of Herodium, Frank Mountain, and the cave of Adullam. The lonely eight hours' ride through the

wilderness of Judah was itself worth the whole journey to the East. I got a severe scolding from our Consul afterwards for venturing to go about in the solitary wilds without a Bedouin escort, and the guide books proclaim that it is impossible to do so. All I can say is, that I did not find a single lion on the path, nor meet a single hostile Arab. The footfall of my horse disturbed countless numbers of lizards, and one or two scorpions which had come to bask on the red rocks, in the fierce noonday sun, but, beyond these, for hours I saw no living creature. Near what must have been Tekoah were huge boulders of smooth white limestone and marble upon which my horse, albeit sure-footed as a cat, seemed to find it difficult to step without slipping. Evidently, the natural storehouse of fine stone here would repay capitalists as well as the famous Numidian quarries do. A fatiguing and somewhat dangerous climb brought one to a height of about four thousand feet, where a fine view of the hills to the east of the Jordan and the Dead Sea disclosed itself. After making frequent observations with compass and aneroid to determine my position, I at last found my way into a lateral valley, opening out from the Jebel Ferdis, and descended into a deep gorge.

The frowning cliffs on either side made the scene unspeakably imposing, and the consciousness that one was on the very theatre of David's adventures, during the most romantic episode of his career, peopled the whole country with the shadows of the past. Accordingly, after carefully turning a sharp corner where the cliff took an abrupt turn to the left and then to the right again, it seemed the most natural thing in the

world to come upon a small camp of Bedouins, clustered round two little springs of water, which rose in the angle formed by the double bend of the rocky wall. The Arabs looked just like the pictures in our familiar Scripture books, and were doubtless dressed in similar garb to what they have worn for the last four thousand years. I rode up to them, and despite the incongruity hastened to give them each a cigarette. After that I felt reassured about their intentions, because the Arab is not civilized enough to betray a man after eating of his salt or smoking of his weed. I dismounted, and one of them hospitably attempted to make my horse drink, as they were drinking, from the tiny pools. The noble steed must have been very thirsty,—its rider was,—but yet it resolutely declined the water, and persisted in its refusal, until one kind-hearted son of the desert doffed his turban, filled it with water, and lifted it to the horse's mouth. The novel bucket may have improved the water's flavor, it certainly disguised the color, and anyhow the horse refused no longer. After this success, I thought I would try the water, too, and so I did, but my first mouthful was my last, and from another such a sip may I be delivered! The experience of that awful taste elucidated to me how real David's longing must have been, when he jeopardized the lives of the three warriors whom he sent for Bethlehem water, with which to wash the taste out of his mouth. The story is told in II Samuel xxiii. 13-17:

And three of the thirty chief went down, and came to David in the harvest time unto the Cave of Adullam; and the troop of the Philistines pitched in the valley of Rephaim. And David was then in the hold, and the garrison of the Philistines

was then in Bethlehem. And David longed, and said, Oh that one would give me drink of the water of the Well of Bethlehem, that is by the gate! And the three mighty men brake through the host of the Philistines, and drew water out of the Well of Bethlehem, that was by the gate, and took it, and brought it to David: nevertheless he would not drink thereof, but poured it out unto the Lord. And he said, Be it far from me, O Lord, that I should do this: is not this the blood of the men that went in jeopardy of their lives? Therefore he would not drink it. These things did the three mighty men.

This and other indications convinced me that I must be in the immediate neighborhood of the very cave in which David took refuge during his guerrilla warfare, first with Saul, and then with the Philistines. Accordingly, in broken Arabic, I asked my dusky friends whether there was not some wonderful hole in the earth somewhere near. They nodded acquiescence, and then offered to show me the way. Three brawny fellows, strong as the Arabs of the Pyramids, conducted me up what seemed the most terrible of precipices. But for the tennis shoes I was luckily wearing, I could never have preserved my footing; but, at last, after a climb of about ten minutes, we reached the narrow entrance to the cave, which expanded like a funnel. Unfortunately, we were unable to see anything but the darkness around us. My last match had been smoked away, and our only light was an occasional spark from the flint and tinder with which the Arabs bid defiance to Bryant and to May. I did not, however, penetrate very far into the gloomy hollow of the mountain, and I was not sorry to return to the light of day.

ARTÂS

I remounted, took leave of my friends, and one of them guided me to Artâs, a village in the valley oasis fertilized by Solomon's Pools. These wonderful reservoirs, with their aqueducts carried along the mountain slopes, are remarkably successful, and prove how remunerative waterworks would be. Artâs provides Jerusalem with all its fruit and vegetables, and the whole village is one large smiling garden, which the traveller is loth to quit.

Unfortunately, the shade of the palms had to be left, and I had to ride disconsolately on across the Wâdy, and mount the hill on the other side, as far as the old caravan track to Hebron. Here I passed some hundred camels, and pressed on till I came to the carriage-road. It was past four in the afternoon, and I had to gallop to make up for lost time. The nearer one got to the city, the more people were to be seen on the road. When about a mile from the gates, I was met by Bezaleel Kaminitz and the beadle of the Hebron community, on horseback, who came cantering along. They had been sent by the Congregation to raise the hue and cry, for I had tarried so long in my coming that they feared I had fallen into the hands of the Bedouins. I did not stop, and Bezaleel, who is an expert horseman, wheeled round in fine style, but the beadle was less fortunate. His horse threw him, but he soon got on again, and onward he galloped, I galloped, we galloped all three. An estimable and well-to-do Turkish merchant dressed in silks and satins was soberly ambling along, on a large white donkey, in a reverse direction to ourselves. His donkey, uneasy at

the pattering of our dozen hoofs, pricked up his ears and turned tail. His respectable rider seemed surprised, and fell off. Hebron, though nearly three thousand feet high, lies in a narrow valley, between the mountains. The descent from the northwest is rather steep, and owing to the rapidity of our progress, our horses were sometimes sliding down, almost on their haunches. It was not convenient to stop, and so we had to leave the Turk to pick himself up as best he could. We rode on and reached Hebron upon the stroke of five, the beadle had a final tumble from his steed, and thus we arrived at our journey's end.

HEBRON, THE DEAD SEA, AND THE JORDAN

The City of Friendship — Machpelah — The Jews of Hebron —
A Night Ride — A Caravansary — Jericho — The Dead
Sea — The Jordan.

THE CITY OF FRIENDSHIP

HEBRON, or Khalil, the "City of Friendship," is perhaps the oldest city of the Holy Land, and in interest it vies with Jerusalem itself. Among us Jews it is reverently described as קברי אבות, "the Burial Ground of our Fathers," and a pilgrimage thither is highly esteemed. The Mohammedans regard it with even more reverence as a sacred place than Jerusalem, for is it not the last resting-place of Abraham—el Khalil Allâh—the friend of God and His great prophet? Their regard, although flattering to the founder of our race, carries with it the disadvantage that it makes the Hebronites the most fanatical of the followers of Islam, and the most intolerant. Christians cannot live at Hebron, and Jews there are treated as dogs. Curses both loud and deep greeted us as we walked round the Great Mosque, which encloses the Cave of Machpelah; but, as we did not understand the meaning of the imprecations or appreciate the delicacy or appropriateness of the choice epithets applied to us, and, as the missiles thrown at us were not well aimed, we could afford to treat our reception with amused nonchalance. Nowhere in the East did I meet with such bigotry as at Hebron, and it did not surprise me to learn that Dr. Stein, the medical man whom we

sent out there some time ago, has no Mohammedans among his *clientèle*, because the Hebronites, unlike the Mohammedans who live in Jerusalem and elsewhere are too utter fatalists to believe that medicine can arrest the progress of disease or the angel of death. Though the local government there and in the neighboring villages employs him occasionally, it is merely as a coroner to inspect a corpse or hold an inquest and certify the cause of death! Still he is honored with the title of Government Physician, and though his services are gratuitous, the fact that they are accepted adds to his influence. He is extremely well liked by the Jews, and they were unanimous in his praise. Dr. Stein takes great interest in the climatology of his station, and asked me to apply for him to the Meteorological Office for Barometer, Thermometer, and Rain Gauge. I ascertained that, for years past, no observations had been made nearer than Beyrout, and Mr. Reginald Scott, the Secretary of the office, gladly submitted my request to the Council. However, they could not accede to it, because Hebron is not a seaport nor its weather likely to affect navigation.

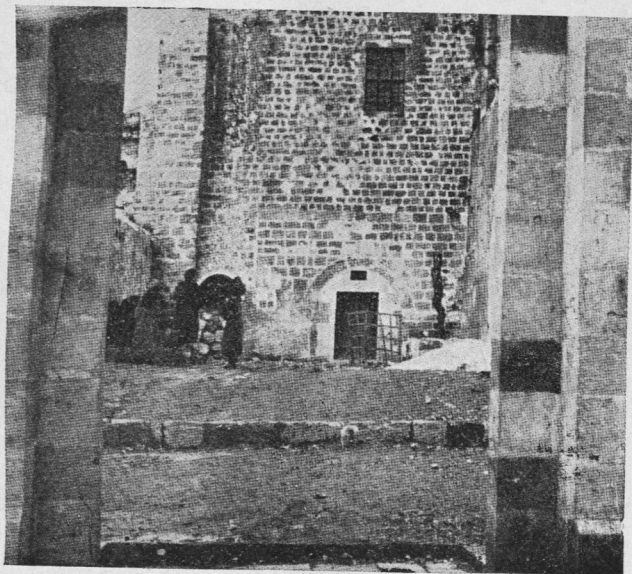
Hebron is the first town seen by the wanderer who reaches Palestine by way of the Desert of Sinai. Even the most phlegmatic of temperaments cannot fail to be deeply impressed by a pilgrimage to the last resting-place of the Patriarchs. But quite apart from considerations of sentiment, the beauty of its position and almost English verdure of the slopes which surround it make Hebron pre-eminent. It is, therefore, by no means surprising to find that Dean Stanley and other writers are quite poetical in describing the contrast between the wilderness of rocks one has to

traverse for many days, and the fertility of the well-watered valley in which it lies. The prevailing color of the surrounding cliffs is purple, and the Mohammedans say that from the red earth of Hebron, Adam, the first man, was formed, and that thence he derived his name. The connection thus made between Adam and Edom, or Esau, the traditional patriarch of the Arabs of Syria, is worthy of note. That Adam was also buried here, both Talmudical and Mohammedan legends agree. Its early name—Kiriath Arba—which might mean "the City of the Four Patriarchs," is pointed to as evidence in favor of that hypothesis.

MACHPELAH

The mosque, built of red and white marble, is almost square, and its four minarets, one rising from each corner, give it a characteristic appearance. The massive smooth-hewn stones of the enclosing wall remind one of the ruins of the Temple, and the sixty square buttresses and cornices all around remain to show us how strongly fortified it must have been at the time when the Crusaders were borrowing territorial titles from Hebron, and the Saracens were winning back the territory itself. Like all the holy places it has passed through many vicissitudes, and had been both temple and church before Saladin made a mosque out of it. Into the Mosque itself, no Giaour is permitted to enter without the Sultan's special firman. This was obtained by the Prince of Wales when he went there in 1862, and the visit is graphically described in Stanley's "Sinai and Palestine." But without a firman the most powerful persuasives will not

secure an entrance. Even Baron and Baroness Edmond de Rothschild could not succeed in getting the Pasha of Palestine to admit them on his own responsibility, and so, although they travelled by land all over Palestine, Hebron they did not visit. And Mr. Benn Levy has told me that a bribe of five hundred pounds



THE GREAT MOSQUE AT MACHPELAH

was not sufficient to make the Governor of Hebron, or the Sheikh of the Mosque, stretch a point in his case.¹

In a corner of the enclosing wall, near the lofty entrance which fronts the Mosque, is a small gap built

¹ It was the writer's privilege to enter the Mosque in disguise and without *bakhshish* in 1895. See below, pp. 137-8.

up with smooth stones, but leaving sufficient space for a man to crawl through. This unofficial entrance leads to the subterranean chambers, and on the eve of our festivals we Jews are permitted to come here to pray, as we do at the Wailing Place at Jerusalem. Of course, we are not permitted to go down the narrow passage into the world-old vault or cave below, but there are not unnaturally many Jewish folk-tales which cluster round the spot. Ludwig A. Frankl, for instance, gives the origin of the "Purim Taka," or "window Purim," still celebrated by the Sephardic Jews of Hebron on the anniversary of their deliverance from an intolerable tax. It appears that once there was a Pasha there who was very fond of money. Fired by the memory of the methods of King Richard the Lion-Hearted, or perhaps of his own sweet initiative, for great minds think alike, His Excellency determined to get money out of his Jewish subjects. He demanded fifty thousand piastres under threat of killing the leading members of the community and selling the rest into slavery. The Rabbis were direly perplexed, for they could not scrape the sum together. At last, they could think of no other expedient than to write to the Patriarchs about their trouble. They did so, and bribed the watchman of the Mosque to lower the petition by a string into the Cave of Machpelah, for, of course, even he dared not enter there. That night the Pasha woke up and, at his bedside, found three venerable looking sages, who demanded fifty thousand piastres of him, and threatened him with death if he did not pay. The Pasha saw that they were in earnest, went to his money-bags, and paid the fifty thousand to the

three weird old men. Next morning, at break of day, the Pasha's soldiers come to the Jewish quarter to fetch the fifty thousand subsidy he levied upon them. The Jews are all in synagogue, praying, for they know their last hour has come. The soldiers knock at the door, and the beadle hurries to open it, when he notices a bag of money in the hall, just where the people wash their hands before entering the synagogue. He brings it to the Parnas, who hands it to the Pasha. The Pasha recognizes both purse and money as his own, and declares that Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob themselves rose from their grave to keep him from an evil deed, and that the Jews must, indeed, be a people dear to Allah, if the Patriarchs, after so many thousands of years, would come to life again merely to protect them from injury. He makes the community a present of the money, but requires them to promise to pray for him if ever he should be in trouble. There are elements of truth in this story, and obviously it is capable of a very rational explanation.

THE JEWS OF HEBRON

The community used to be very small, and even in 1888 numbered barely a thousand souls out of a total population of ten times that number. About the year 1265 Nachmanides went to Palestine, and a short letter he wrote to his son Nachman gives us a vivid description of Palestine as it was left after the Crusades. "In one word," he says, "the unhappy rule seems to be that the holier a place may have been, the more desolate it is." Jerusalem was in ruins, and what had been marble places, were then Hefker, waste or common

lands, free to be appropriated by anybody who pleased. There was only a single Minyan of Jews there, who every Sabbath met in their houses for prayer. He persuaded them to set apart one of the less demolished buildings as a synagogue, and they actually sent to Shechem (Nablous) for a Sepher. He also went to Hebron, "the city of the graves of our forefathers, that I might pray there, and buy myself a grave, and there be buried." In those times there was not a single Jew there. But a hundred years before, when Benjamin of Tudela visited it in 1170, he found a few of our co-religionists living there, and, indeed, went down with some to the Cave of Machpelah, which he describes and which was evidently not guarded so jealously in his time as it is now. Nowadays, there are about as many Ashkenazim as Sephardim, and each community has three synagogues. The Ashkenazim have no provision whatever for education, but there are about sixty pupils in the Talmud Torah of the Sephardim. It would be highly desirable if the *Alliance Israélite* or the Anglo-Jewish Association would see its way to establishing a school there of even the humblest dimensions. I gathered from the communal leaders that this they anxiously desired, and that, though poor, they would gladly contribute to the support of such a school.

The Sephardi Chacham is Rachmim Franko, and the Ashkenazi Rabbi, R. Simeon Manasseh Schlutzker, who is over ninety years old. There is only one Jew—a Mr. Romano—of even moderate means in the town, and he is rather an absentee landlord, for he lives the greater part of the year in Constantinople. He owns a fine large house, of course of stone, and the ban-

queting hall on the first floor would not disgrace a Norman Castle. He is very hospitable, and Jewish guests are brought to his house quite as a matter of course to be boarded and lodged if necessary, just as though it were an hotel. Neither payment nor a present is accepted, but one is expected to contribute to the *חברת נמילות חסדים*, the local "Society for Good Works," which, of course, one is only too glad to do.

Jerusalem, Hebron, Safed, and Tiberias constitute the four "holy cities" of the Jews, and till colonization had altered matters, nearly all the Holy Land Jews resided in them. In Safed they constitute one-half of the twelve thousand inhabitants, and in Tiberias they number three thousand out of five thousand. Besides these, there are a thousand Jews in Haifa, a thousand in Sidon, and two thousand in Jaffa, out of a total of six, twelve, and fifteen thousand respectively. There are only one hundred and fifty Jews out of ten thousand in Acre, one hundred and twenty at Shechem out of eighteen thousand, and one hundred and twenty at Gaza out of twenty thousand. Including four thousand colonists, which is perhaps an overestimate, it would seem that, notwithstanding the recent immigration of Russian and Roumanian Jews, there are not more than 43,500 of our co-religionists in Palestine out of a total population of over half a million.

A NIGHT RIDE

One Monday night about nine o'clock we left the Hotel Jerusalem for the Jordan and the Dead Sea. We were a small but imposing caravan. First came our Bedouin escort, Sheikh of the village of Abu Dis,

whose services we had engaged through the intervention of H. B. M. Consul. Then there was Drago-man Khalil, who was ostensibly in charge of the expedition. Next to him came the hotel-keeper's son, Bezaleel Kaminitz, my *alter ego* and *fidus Achates*, who never left me out of sight from the time of my arrival in Jerusalem till my re-embarkation at Jaffa. Next came the muleteer Selim, whose mule was laden with good things, sufficient in amount as it seemed to me for forty days' and forty nights' wandering in the desert, but appetite surpassed expectation, and, like Æsop with the bread basket, Selim returned very much lighter than he went. All but myself were armed to the teeth, and the water bottles hanging from our saddles made me feel quite an explorer. Khalil was very proud of his gun, and after break of day kept pointing it in all directions. There was plenty of game about, and no game laws, and he was determined to do wonderful things in the slaughter of innocents. He stalked a good many sandgrouse, and once, in the plain of Jericho, his ambition soared even to a royal eagle, but his success was limited to the destruction of powder and shot and to frightening me. I had no mind to be his quarry, and, as we cantered on, language not altogether without strength was required to persuade him that there was no necessity for me to look down the barrels of his gun to know that he was using ball instead of shot! The muleteer was musical, and albeit the melody was but a nasal twang, and his theme the excellence of the food he carried, the song of Selim lent an air of romance to the expedition. It did not need this to make our midnight ride delightful. It is hopeless to attempt adequately to describe the glory of

the starry night with the bright eyes of countless angels beaming sympathy with man. We felt in no talkative mood, and, once started, soon dropped into single file and gave our thoughts full rein. Of such a night in the Holy Land, Thackeray writes that the recollection of its sensations must remain with a man as long as his memory lasts, and he should feel them as often as he should talk of them little.

We skirted the Mount of Olives, passed Bethany, and rode slowly on from one gorge to another, occasionally climbing a hill, but for the most part descending the bed of some dried-up torrent or Wâdy. The bridle path was rugged in the extreme, and dangerous in parts, so that we had several times to dismount and lead our horses by the bridle. Yet every now and then we came across traces of the old Roman road to Jericho, which proved that time was when, despite the considerable fall of nearly four thousand feet in the twenty miles or so which separate Jerusalem from Jericho, they could not have been much more than a three hours' ride from one another.

A CARAVANSARY

About half-way there, we reached a khan, or caravansary, with two huge portals, which looked as though they barred the way to some mighty building behind them. We thundered at the gates and made as much noise as we could, but not the slightest notice was taken of us. This confirmed me in my belief that here was an enchanted castle, but that I was not to be the lucky one to wake the sleeping beauty. Khalil grew impatient and fired his gun, but still no answer came. Our horses required a little rest, and so there was

nothing for it but to dismount and lie down on the naked rock. I never slept so sound in my life, and, though they woke me up in less than half an hour, I felt as refreshed as though I had had a whole night's rest. The following afternoon we passed the Hadrûr Khan again on our way back. This time, after some parleying, we gained admittance, and found that the entire garrison consisted of but one poor old Arab, who lived in a dismantled little shanty in the corner of a large and empty courtyard surrounded by high stone walls. If there were any pigs in Palestine, which, except in one or two monasteries, there are not, I should have taken it for a pig-sty. Mine host was very attentive and made us Turkish coffee as best he could. He admitted that he had heard us the night before, but had taken us for Bedouins, of whom he lived in terror of his life. He showed us the inner door of the shanty all riddled with shot, and assured us that he had at one time been regularly besieged and all but captured and slain, for the sake of the two or three pewter *blisk-lik* coins he possessed.

JERICHO

We rode onward on our journey till we came to the Sultan's Spring, perhaps the very same as that which Elisha's handful of salt had sweetened. This, or the "Pool of Moses" close by, must have been intended as the scene of the famous interview in "The Talisman" between Saladin and the Prince of Scotland. A few minutes further on we rode through one of the noble arches of Herod's aqueduct, which boldly traverses the plain, and stopped awhile to admire the massive ruins. Soon we reached the Russian Hospice

in Jericho, where we arrived about three in the morning. The approach to the world-famous or infamous place, once a love gift from Antony to Cleopatra, was through thick vegetation, which reminded me of some Surrey wood more than anything else. I know this will be regarded as a fault in local coloring, but really I saw no trace of the famous palms or roses or balsam gardens with which tradition glorifies Jericho. The vegetation is tropical because the natural depression of the plain and, indeed, of the whole of the gigantic fissures constituting the valley of the lower Jordan, makes the climate and temperature that of places fifteen degrees nearer the equator. In the garden of the Hospice grow bananas and figs and clustering grapes as in Egypt, but it is the fields of maize and other cereals, and the drooping willows, and scarlet flowers of the gum-arabic plant that most impress the traveller. The Hospice itself contains rude wood-cut portraits of the Czar and other Russians, but is conspicuous for the absence of monks. It is intended for the shelter of pilgrims on the way to baptism in the Jordan, and is open to all comers, although no food is provided.

THE DEAD SEA

After a short stay, and just as the sun was rising, we started for the Dead Sea seven miles off. We had to ride across a plain which is fairly level except for a gentle downward slope. After leaving the fertile belt about two miles southeast of Jericho, we entered a barren tract quite devoid of vegetation. Here the soil under foot is a sort of sandy clay coated with layers of asphalt and studded with tiny but bright crystals of salt. As soon as the shore

of the lake was reached, the unexpected beauty of the scene almost took one's breath away. The water looked as lovely, blue, clear, and inviting as Buttermere in the summer time. The hills around were higher and the precipices, especially on the eastern or Moab side, more abrupt, but the play of lights and shadows was the same, and the brilliant coloring of the limestone and plutonic rocks made up for the absence of foliage. Desolate the scene was, but there were none of the gruesome horrors expected in the Dead Sea. Though standing one thousand and three hundred feet below the ocean level, in the bowels of the earth as it were, we could not feel far from the world, when through the clear air we could distinctly see the bell-tower on the Mount of Olives, four thousand feet above us, and, as the crow flies, twenty-five miles away. A few days before I had seen the Dead Sea, from that very tower, at sunset on the Sabbath day, and its dull gray or greenery-yellow color made it seem typical of misery and mystery. But on its shores it was proximity, not distance, that lent enchantment to the view.

Of course, I bathed in the water, and found it easy to swim in, but not so very different from ordinary sea water. The taste was awful, the bitter pungency of the manganese quite neutralizing that of the salt, and the water made a mosquito bite on my ankle smart terribly. The sun was too hot to make it safe to stay in the water more than a minute or two with the head unprotected, but the bath was worth the risk. It felt and looked more like bathing in oil than in water. The surface was still and smooth as the most perfect plate-glass, and just as clear, despite

the great depth of this, the northern, half of the lake. Thirteen hundred feet and more have been fathomed, yet in this vast volume of water not even the lowest organism can live. We gazed awhile at Mount Nebo opposite, and the Sheikh pointed out a ruin in the hills of Judah behind us as the grave of Moses, on our own—the wrong—side of the Dead Sea. Moslem tradition does not admit that “no man knoweth of his sepulchre unto this day.” The Dead Sea is rather smaller in extent than the Lake of Geneva and only nine miles across. The top of Pisgah frowned majestically before us nearly five thousand feet high. Till one sees the character of the country and the marvellous clearness of the atmosphere, one cannot realize how from its summit Moses could have seen, as he gazed, long and lovingly, the whole of the Promised Land lying mapped out before him, “all the land of Gilead unto Dan.”

Geological considerations make it almost impossible to assume that the sites of Sodom and Gomorrah are now covered by the waters of the Dead Sea. The chasm it occupies is primeval, and evaporation has made the sea shallower than it was, not deeper. There is nothing in the Bible narrative, nor, I believe, in Talmud or Midrash to lead us to assume that the cities of the plain were destroyed by water as well as fire. The sulphur and bitumen near the northern end, and perhaps, too, the lava, and other indications of volcanic agency there, point to the crumbling clay, in parts like quicksand treacherous to the foot, which extends between Jericho and the Bahr el Lût (Lot's Lake) as the more likely site. The only strong arguments to the contrary are the fanciful traveller's tales,

of those who have ventured to navigate the sea, and assert that they have noticed ruins of towers and palaces in the depths below. It is possible that these accounts are not altogether drawn from the imagination. A haze often hangs over the sea, and, sometimes perhaps, the atmospheric conditions, which in the Straits of Messina give rise to the *Fata Morgana*, are here reproduced.

THE JORDAN

From the Dead Sea we rode rapidly on to the Ford of Jordan, or "Place of Baptism," probably the site of Gilgal, and the place where Elijah ascended to heaven in a chariot of fire. Here again I bathed and swam across the stream, which was rapid and turbid, but almost as narrow as the Mole at Esher, or the Thames above Henley. Childhood's preconceptions had, as Mark Twain says in his "New Pilgrim's Progress,"—the best guide book to the Orient—pictured a mighty river seven thousand miles long and proportionally wide! In fact, it is about as long as the not less famous Thames, only much narrower. The water was warm, but after my bath in the Dead Sea and exposure to the fierce rays of the tropical sun, I found the shade of the thicket and cliffs made Jordan's water a most welcome change. It is as much discolored as that of the Nile, and, meeting some Russian pilgrims on their way to the only bath their religion enjoins and they can be persuaded to take, I could not help thinking that it was they and their like who had polluted the pristine purity of the snows of Hermon. We rode back through the jungle, in which we were not sorry to hear that lions are now

scarcely ever to be met with, and returned home as quickly as we could. On the way we wondered at the almost inaccessible hermits' cells in the rocks of the Jebel Karantel. We were on the other side of a deep gorge, and the caverns in which the poor devotees spend their lives seem, and no doubt originally were, the lairs of wild beasts. One blood-curdling track, I cannot call it path, was so precipitous that a little donkey was the only four-footed animal that would step upon it, and that had been trained to go on it ever since it could walk.

We got back to Jerusalem shortly before ten o'clock, after an absence of less than twenty-four hours, of which we had spent nineteen in the saddle. We were very tired, but not too tired to do justice to supper, or to spend an hour in Mr. Kaminitz's drawing-room listening to a concert, in which some ladies and gentlemen staying in the hotel took part. After the many disappointments agreeable and otherwise which we had experienced in our expedition, this music was not the least of the day's surprises.

AGRICULTURAL COLONIES IN PALESTINE

Rishon le-Zion — Other Colonies — The Agricultural School —
The Montefiore Garden.

RISHON LE-ZION

I HAD to leave Jerusalem on Thursday evening, the 4th October, in order to catch the Beyrout boat, which was to start next day from Jaffa. Dr. d'Arbela had kindly consented to accompany me, and show me over the "Rishon le-Zion" colony. Our carriage was at the door by eight o'clock, but, what with official business at the Serail and before the Cadi, telegrams to England and preparing for the European mail, farewell visits and endless leave-takings, it was only with much difficulty that, after about as hard a day's work as I have ever had, we managed to get away by midnight. Mr. Kaminitz, whose Hebrew hotel bill, both for excellence of vocabulary and calligraphy and for smallness of total, is one of my most prized Oriental curiosities, sat on the box by the driver, and off we drove in gallant style. This time we had a landau instead of a rude open wagon, and the road had been made smoother than it was when I first came, and yet the jolting and shaking seemed ever so much worse. I suppose it was because there was no view to distract my attention, and because I was so very sleepy and so unable to sleep. The Doctor was an old stager, and no doubt considered the roads Elysian in comparison with those of Zanzibar, anyhow *he* did not grumble. We got an hour's sleep on a divan in

Bohnenberger's Inn at Ramleh, had some coffee there, started again at four, and after a couple of hours' drive, half of which was along a sandy cart-track to the left of the Jaffa Road, reached the colony shortly after daybreak. It lies on a slight eminence in the midst of a sandy plain, across which an unmistakable sea-breeze blows. The total area is about six million square metres, rather more than two square miles. The soil is dreadfully sandy, and can support no cereals, though experts say it is thoroughly well adapted for the cultivation of the vine. This at any rate is the somewhat dearly bought experience of the colonists, who have in consequence latterly devoted their exclusive attention to the grape. The effect, from the æsthetic point of view, is anything but picturesque, the ground seems covered with low brambly vines, looking for all the world like the furze on some barren English heath. Of course, I saw it under comparatively unfavorable auspices, the vintage was over, and every grape had been religiously plucked from its parent bush. The viticulture is that of Northern Europe, and I must confess to disappointment at not being able to see each colonist sitting, or—preferably—working, *under* his vine, instead of stooping over it as he pruned. A vineyard looks infinitely more beautiful if it is trained along stately poplars or festooned from some other giants of the forest. But a collection of a million low shrubs, which represent the grape treasures of Rishon, is more practical and remunerative, and certainly it teaches a lesson of independence. I am told that its black grapes in flavor and in size compare favorably with the choicest fruit of Burgundy, and that the prospects of a large export of red wine

vintages to France are highly promising. Anyhow no expense is being spared by the philanthropist who is developing Rishon. On the erection of a *cuvemère* and cooling chamber alone an outlay of a hundred thousand francs has been sanctioned, and M. Alphonse Bloch, the amiable and wide-awake Director of the colony, anticipates great results in about two years from now. The colonists take pride and delight in their work, each has a half hectare or so of his very own, and all are idealists, and have a confident belief in the future. At the time of the ingathering of the grapes there is more work to be done than hands to do it. M. Bloch has had to hire Arabs to assist in the picking, and soldiers to guard against the depredations of jackals and other Arabs. There are some three hundred colonists in all, of whom about a quarter are able-bodied men, mostly Roumanians, and they seem able to fight and by no means loth to do so on occasion and to protect their own. The houses are neat and substantially built of stone, most have two stories, and the principal street, which contains nearly all of the thirty or forty houses that constitute the village, is wide, straight, and planted with trees, so that it makes quite a little boulevard. Every house has a little garden ground in front, and a yard and outhouse and often a stable behind. The finest building in the place is the official residence of M. Bloch. This boasts of two bedrooms and as many sitting rooms, of which one is the general office of the colony. There are no cows in the colony, water is too expensive, and so the breakfast, which the Director was good enough to give me, largely consisted of condensed milk and preserved butter, to which I preferred the honey—as, indeed, the

wasps did also. Behind this "Government House" was quite an old-fashioned English flower-garden, which it did one's heart good to see—wall-flowers in autumn and pansies and irises, and "lilies dropping sweet-smelling myrrh." The fleur-de-lis was, of course, a "charge" of the royal arms of Judah, long before the House of France arrogated to itself the lovely emblem. Near the garden is the site of an unfinished synagogue, which remains as a monument of Turkish bigotry. Before a building can be erected for public worship the sanction of the Pasha must be obtained. Reouf will not give this, and neither for love nor money is he to be shaken from his determination. The synagogue therefore remains roofless, and but for the foresight of the late Director, M. Osovesky, who had a large room planned in the basement, ostensibly for the purpose of a school, the colonists would have no place where they could meet for prayer. The school itself is in an adjoining house, on the first floor. Here a busy class of chubby little boys were learning the mysteries of the circulation of the blood. M. Bloch is a great purist, and insists that all the proletariat of the colony shall speak the most classical Hebrew, so they are taught in that language, and answer questions readily and pertinently in the sacred tongue. Much attention is being devoted to the planting of trees; there are about three thousand olive trees and a like number of almond trees in the colony. Besides these M. Bloch pointed out to me some Eucalyptus and castor-oil trees, both of which grow fast, are shady, and will in time attract clouds and supply the defects of irrigation. The castor-oil tree is particularly interesting, as it is probably the original of Jonah's gourd, the קיקיון של יונה.

a phrase by the by favored for the titles of their books by Rabbinical authors named after the rebellious prophet, and not a little appropriate.

OTHER COLONIES

It may be worth while to give a list of the other Palestine Colonies, mostly near Jaffa, although conditions of time and space prevented my paying them a visit.¹ They are:

פתח תקוה "The Gate of Hope," 13,500,000 square metres, 411 inhabitants.

יהודיה "Juditha," 144,000 square metres, 75 inhabitants.

נחלת ראובן "Reuben's Heritage," formerly "Wâdy Hinim," 1,500,000 square metres, 38 inhabitants.

מזכרת בתיה "Bethuia's Memorial," formerly "Ekron," 3,500,000 square metres, 226 inhabitants.

גדרה "Gádará," 2,500,000 square metres, 40 inhabitants.

זכרון יעקב "Jacob's Memorial," formerly Samarín, near Haifa, 19,000,000 square metres, 644 inhabitants. This was visited by Sir Grant Duff in his recent visit to Palestine, and he refers to it in his article on "A Winter in Syria," which appeared in the *Contemporary Review* for January, 1889.

ראש פנה "The Corner Stone," near Safed, 3,000,000 square metres, 223 inhabitants.

יסוד המעלה "Excelsior," 2,000,000 square metres, 39 inhabitants.

¹ Most of these colonies I visited on my subsequent journeys to the Holy Land.

THE AGRICULTURAL SCHOOL

After we had stayed about four hours at Rishon, M. Bloch was good enough to drive me over to the Agricultural School of the *Alliance Israélite* about eight miles away. M. Bloch drove a light phaeton with two horses, which, though not much to look at, managed to carry us, quickly and smoothly, to our destination. After passing through a fine avenue of trees, which might have graced a park, we came to the main building. Although it was nearly noon, we found M. Hirsch, the Director, and his wife, in the garden, sitting in the shade. All around were aromatic orange and citron trees. The Ethrogim, of course, had all been picked, but the oranges were not yet ripe. However, it would never do to have left the Holy Land without tasting an orange, and so I persuaded M. Hirsch to give me one. It was rather sour, of course, but refreshing, and, besides, I had my way. The orange crop at this garden is quite important; M. Hirsch had disposed of that season's for no less a sum than a hundred Napoleons.² There were forty pupils at the school, all of whom happened to be in one school-room, learning geography. They hailed from about a dozen places on the eastern and southern shores of the Mediterranean, and in age they ranged from twelve to eighteen years. Despite their ungainly French blue blouses, they looked, albeit somewhat stupid, the picture of health, and sunburnt even beyond expectation. The school possesses some fine machinery, an Artesian well, sesame fields, and quite a model farm. The pupils are specially taught fruit and vegetable gardening,

² In 1901 the crop fetched more than five times that amount.

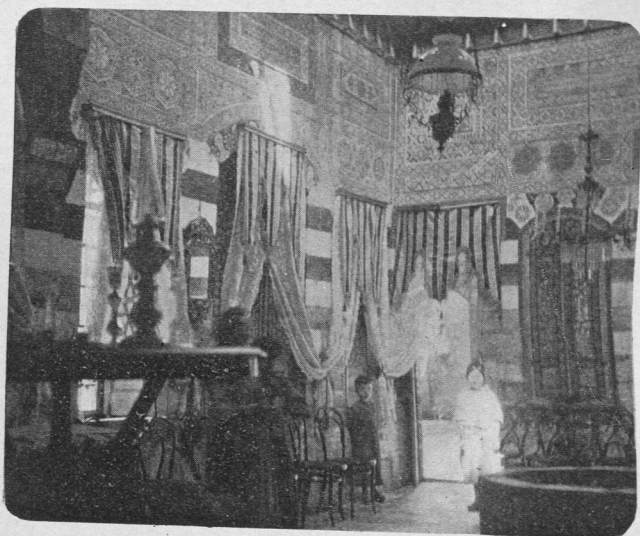
and are treated on a kind of apprentice system, by which, after three or four years' training, they leave the school, with a bonus, or salary, of forty pounds in their pockets. Of course, the circumstances of the case prevent the whole undertaking from being carried out so as to be anything like self-supporting. But there is no doubt that much good is being done, and that its proud title, *מקוה ישראל*, "The Hope of Israel," is not undeserved. Since I left, the *Alliance* has determined to increase the number of the pupils to sixty, and to draft to it some of the pupils from its school in Tunis. Apparently, a first batch, consisting of seven young Tunisians, arrived at the school on the 19th November, 1888. After completing their agricultural education at Jaffa, they are to return home to find work with local farmers, till they have saved enough money to become themselves owners of a little farm. How the pupils can best spend the interval between leaving Mikveh Israel and setting up as peasant proprietors themselves, is no easy problem. It may be desirable to use the Montefiore Garden at Jaffa, if available, for the purpose of farming it out to the young men, who would thus be almost independent and yet not without supervision.

THE MONTEFIORE GARDEN

From the Agricultural School we drove across country on an execrable track to the Montefiore Garden about five miles off, two miles or less from Jaffa, and immediately opposite the prosperous but anti-Semitic colony of Sarona, founded in 1868 by some Germans from Würtemberg. We found that Samhûn, the caretaker, or farmer, of the garden (he pays no rent), had

gone to Jaffa to make his purchases for Sabbath, and had taken the key with him. I represented that, as I held a power of attorney from Mr. Sebag Montefiore, I was justified in breaking open the rude lock, but Samhûn's son threatened to go across the road and call a policeman if we did! After considerable battering at the gate, we found that we could not move it, and so thought it best to give up the attempt. However, we looked over the garden from various points of vantage—on tip-toe over the gate, from the window of a building where a massive water-wheel has been built over the well, and through gaps in the cactus hedge. The prickly pears were nice to eat, their parasites, the cochineal insects, most curious to watch, but I was unwise enough to make a still closer acquaintance with the hedge. Thinking I could squeeze through one gap which seemed wider than the rest, I put on a pair of gloves and tried to get in. The prickles were too many for me, and I retired in discomfort and discomfiture. For weeks afterwards I could not put on those gloves, and they were a new pair, too, without getting stung. Nevertheless we saw enough of the garden to satisfy ourselves of its wonderful fertility. Notwithstanding the comparative neglect of its gardeners, the Samhûns, who, poor fellows, were down with the fever, the place seemed a very paradise in its luxuriant vegetation, and bananas, dates, oranges, citrons, and plums made the air sweet with their fragrance. We got to Jaffa about two, met Dr. d'Arbela and Mr. Osovesky at Hirsch Cohen's restaurant there, and made an excellent dinner. The Jewish merchants and restaurateurs seemed to be prospering. H. B. M. Vice-Consul, the courteous Mr.

Amzalek, is a Jew, and yet, strangely enough, although there are over two thousand Jews (about an equal number of Ashkenazim and Sephardim) in Jaffa, and a much larger number in the neighborhood, in the Colonies, and elsewhere, there is no large synagogue, and only an apology for a Talmud Torah school. The Sephardim have neither Rabbi nor teacher, and al-



JEWISH INTERIOR AT DAMASCUS

though there are numerous Minyanim, communal affairs seem entirely disorganized. Mr. Kaminitz took me to see the Hotel Palestine, which he had just acquired, and I very much admired its situation and airiness. It is on the Jerusalem Road, and can be confidently recommended to all visitors who wish to break their journey at Jaffa. Mr. Kaminitz's hotel is the only one east of Paris where I have seen soap sup-

plied gratis, and for cleanliness and comfort at Jerusalem his Hotel Jerusalem, and at Jaffa doubtless the Hotel Palestine also, are unsurpassed. His tact in appeasing unwelcome visitors and keeping his guests from worry and annoyance is beyond all praise, and altogether he thoroughly deserves the patronage he receives. About an hour before Sabbath I embarked for Damascus on board the Khedivieh (Egyptian) steamship "Ràhmaniyeh," and regretfully closed one of the most interesting chapters in my life.